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RECOGNITION OF FRENCH ASSISTANCE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

On May 2, 1950, at a ceremony on the grounds of the First Presbyterian Church at Whippany, the Short Hills Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution dedicated a bronze plaque to the honor of the French army under Count Rochambeau who rested there two days on their way to assist General Washington at Yorktown.

The following dedicatory speech was given by Mrs. John C. Hover, historian of the chapter and author of an article on the same subject which appeared in this magazine in January, 1949:

"Here in this place in a long ago time camped the greatest army of a foreign power New Jersey has ever seen. Five thousand soldiers of Louis XVI of France had landed at Newport the preceding autumn, and now in the summer of 1781 they had come down from the Hudson into a New Jersey August. Exhausted by the heat and the rapid marches, they were ordered to pitch their only two-day camp within our young state, and here at Whippany they rested and refurbished their elegant equipment. Only their general, the great Count Rochambeau, knew that their destination was a rendezvous in Virginia with the Continental troops of General George Washington. Officers and men of the regiments encamped here still thought they were moving in to an attack on New York, but the long brick ovens built for their siege camp at Chatham were never used. Instead, Whippany was the only

town which saw more than an overnight bivouac of the great army, and we dedicate here today the single monument within our state to the campaign of our French allies.

"The seven-year old Revolution with its indecisive campaigns had left its mark in the apathy of the citizenry, but now the appearance of this foreign army brought new energy and interest to a flagging cause. New Jersey residents flocked to the campsite here, open-mouthed at the trappings of the Bourbon army. The gilded lilies of the ancient monarch showed on the regimental standards as they were carried into camp. These were professional soldiers—no ragged band of militiamen such as Whippany had often seen before.

"The manuscript collection of Princeton University contains original maps of this and the other campsites of the French, executed by Alexandre Berthier, brilliant twenty-seven year old son of the royal cartographer. Young Berthier says in his still untranslated military diary that General Washington himself had suggested to Rochambeau that Whippany would be a good rest camp for his army, and it was after seeing his troops into camp here that Rochambeau rode on ahead to join Washington at Princeton. With him rode his young aide-de-camp, Count Hans Axel von Fersen of Sweden, whose name was already linked with that of Marie Antoinette, and who was later to drive the coach in which she and King Louis attempted their escape from those who finally took their lives in the French Revolution.

"The main body of the army was preceded into camp by the advance guard formed by the Legion of the Duc de Lauzun, composed largely of Polish and Irish aristocrat adventurers. They were all big men, splendidly mounted and equipped, their fur-trimmed and gold-laced jackets topped by plumed helmets, and their elegant waxed mustaches were the first ever seen in this country. Brand new to our citizens, too, were the military bands they heard at the French camp, and the artillery drawn up there across the road must have looked very formidable.

"Aside from the blue of Lauzun's Legion, the French army

was uniformed in white serge, and the men suffered not a little from the Jersey heat and dust. Each regiment had a grenadier corps composed of the men over six feet tall wearing helmets with ostrich plumes in the distinctive color of the regiment. The senior regiment of the French army was here—the Bourbonnais established in 1597—and counting among its officers the young Vicomte Donatien, Rochambeau's own son. Other famous regiments were here, too—the Deux-Ponts, the Soissonais, the Saintonge, the Gatinois—and other men, famous in their day—the Marquis de Chastellux, a Knight of the Order of Saint Louis, and second in command, the Vicomte de Noailles, brother-in-law to Lafayete, and the highly literate and perceptive chaplain of the Soissonais, the Abbe Claude Robin.

"It is in the Abbe's diary that the most enlightening picture can be found of what our French allies saw in the Whippany countryside. The Abbe was impressed with the number of thriving orchards, and especially with the peach trees. There were fields of wheat, rye, corn, and barley, and the dwelling houses he described as for the most part large and handsome. The people of this vicinity he characterized as "gay, easy, and engaging in their manner" and, said he, "they resemble the happy region they inhabit." I doubt if the citizens of Whippany have had so graceful a compliment in the hundred and sixty-nine years since the Abbe wrote that.

"Today we leave here, for Whippany and for New Jersey, a lasting reminder of these French who passed this way. The perspective of time shows us clearly what neither townspeople nor soldiers knew then. On the field at Yorktown, toward which this road led, there was born in the blood of our final victory that long friendship with the French which we commemorate here in this hour."

ODYSSEY OF AN AMERICAN CANCER SPECIALIST OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

RUTH T. FARROW

Editor's Note: The author, a former teacher of social science in the West Side High School, Newark, is a graduate of the Trenton Normal School, New York University, and New Jersey Law School. Her interest in the subject of this article stems from her aunt's memories of his family. The author, through her mother, Katherine Rounsaville Farrow, is a direct descendant of Richard Rounsavell (ville) who came to New England in 1687 and moved to Burlington County, New Jersey, where he died in 1704. His son Richard who died near Flemington in 1755 was the grandfather of another Richard who built the stone house in 1832 where the portulaca bed was later to be located. The foot-log leading from this stone house across the Musconetcong River became a focal point of evidence in the famous Carter-Parke murder trials of a hundred years ago.

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Present day realization that cancer is the deadly enemy of all living creatures has caused thinking people everywhere to form a common front against it. Surgeons in operating rooms, scientists in laboratories, explorers seeking curative plants in tropical jungles, contributors to "Mr. Blanding's Dream House" and the Damon Runyon Fund, these and countless thousands are working to one end—the discovery of the causes of cancer and the means of preventing and eradicating it. Yet, over a hundred years ago, an American doctor thought he had solved the cancer problem and so well did he press his claims that famous doctors abroad attended his clinics and were so much impressed with his work that he was asked to demonstrate his technique in a great London hospital. The only traces of his work to be found to-day are hidden in the dusty archives of medical libraries or in long forgotten medical journals; but, in his heyday, he had originated a new surgical technique in his field, was the author of a much discussed book on cancer,[1] and the first foreigner ever to be permitted to practice in a London hospital,[2] and this by invitation of the Board of Governors of the hospital. That American cancer specialist was Dr. Jesse Weldon Fell.

My personal interest in Dr. Fell springs from an almost for-

[1]J(esse) Weldon Fell, *A Treatise on Cancer and Its Treatment*, xii, 95 pp., London, J. Churchill, 1857.

[2]Sarah M. Fell, *Genealogy of the Fell Family in America*, Philadelphia, A. H. Sickler, 1891, p. 208.

gotten incident of my childhood. I was helping my mother plant portulacas and she told me that the first ones she had ever seen grew in her grandmother's garden at the family homestead near New Hampton, in northwest Jersey, and that the seed had been brought to her grandmother by the famous Dr. Jesse Fell who had picked it on the Battlefield of Waterloo. When I asked her why Dr. Fell was famous and what he was doing at Waterloo, she replied that he was a well known cancer specialist of London and that as a young man he had lived near her grandfather's house and been friendly with the family so that, in after years, when he revisited his native land, he called on them to renew old acquaintance. She also said that he was reported to have treated a member of the royal family but this I have been unable to verify although the rest of her story has proved to have been based on fact. Her grandmother planted the portulaca seeds and saved others as they ripened and, as long as she lived, her garden was bright with portulacas.

Mother's story slipped from my mind but, years later, while engaged in research on an old Jersey murder case, I found a Jesse Fell named among the witnesses and I remembered the portulaca incident. I questioned a ninety-four year old relative and learned that "Jess," the witness, and Dr. Jesse Fell were one and the same man. Later, a western relative sent me some old books which had been in my great grandfather's family and among them was one inscribed with the name "Jesse Fell" and the date, 1842. This series of coincidences so intrigued me that I set out to find what I could about this man whose name kept bobbing up into my life. I had made some progress on the American part of his story when material came to hand which substantiated my mother's story for the most part and gave valuable information on Dr. Fell's life and travels abroad. This information was found in a letter which Fell had written to an old college chum in America.[3] In commenting on the

[3]M. F. Ashley Montagu and W. J. Musick, "A Yankee Doctor in England in 1859," *Bulletin of the History of Medicine*, vol. XIII, 1943, pp. 217-228. (Will be quoted as: Fell, *Letter.*)

letter, its editors said, "Concerning Jesse Weldon Fell it has been possible to learn precious little."[4] I read the letter and it occurred to me that since I knew so much of Dr. Fell's personal life and was studying his professional career, others might be interested in my findings. The war and the bombing of London made research necessarily slow but now I feel that enough loose ends have been picked up to enable me to tell the story. But first I must warn you that *my* Dr. Fell is not the "I do not like you, Dr. Fell" of the old verse. That misliked gentleman, Dr. John Fell, one-time Bishop of Oxford, was just a very, very distant relative of our subject.

It was difficult to trace the paternal background of Jesse Weldon Fell because so many men of his family had the same name and it took much time and patience to disassociate his record from those of other Jesse Fells who were notables in their way. The Fells[5] were vigorous in thought and action and the pioneering spirit seems to have been strong in many of them. They were of English origin, their six hundred years old manor house "Longlands," in Cumberland, remaining in the family ownership down to our own times. The first Fell[6] to emigrate to America came in 1705 and settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He later returned to England where he died in 1748, leaving behind him a numerous progeny in America. There his son Joseph became the father of the Jesse Fell (Judge Fell) after whom our doctor and other Jesses were to be named. The Fells were Quakers and the widow[7] of one of the name became the wife of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. Although many of the American members of the Fell family left the Quaker faith and joined other religious bodies, Dr. Fell's grandfather was always faithful adherent of the Society of Friends.

"Judge" Jesse Fell,[8] as he was commonly known, was born at Buckingham, Pennsylvania in 1751. He married Hannah Welding and it was by changing the spelling of her maiden

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 217 [5] Sarah M. Fell, *op. cit.*, p. 14 [6] *Ibid.*, p. 26.
[7] Margaret Fell of Swarthmore Hall, Cumberland, England.
[8] S. M. Fell, *Genealogy*, p. 50.

name that her grandson received his middle name of Weldon. Judge Fell was the proprietor of an inn at Wilkes-Barre which was run in accordance with strict Quaker principles and was such a notable success that it is still remembered by the people of that city. Entering politics, he was twice elected Sheriff of Lucerne County[9] and later served as Associate Judge of that County for over thirty years. Although he was a successful farmer and the first President of the Lucerne County Agricultural Association, [10] it is not on his excellence as a tavern keeper nor on his political, judicial, and farming careers that his fame rests. He was the inventor of a grate which would burn hard coal[11] and it was, in part,[12] due to his invention that the anthracite beds of Lucerne County became valuable, and modern industry possible!

Judge Fell conceived the idea that hard coal would burn in a grate if a natural draft could be sent through a fire on which a sufficient amount of coal had been placed in the proper position.[13] He made his first grate of green hickory wood[14] and, when convinced that he was on the right track, collaborated with a nephew in fashioning one of iron. He invited his neighbors in to see its first trial but, to his chagrin, only two appeared. The others thought that the judge must have taken leave of his senses in believing that coal would burn in a grate, or that he was making them subjects of a practical joke. For the two who came, however, seeing was believing and news of the Judge's invention spread like wildfire. Every family wanted a coal burning grate; for all time anthracite coal had come into its own. Fifty years later, some townsmen of Wilkes-Barre gathered at the old Fell Inn to commemorate the anniversary of his invention by burning some anthracite coal in his

[9] *Ibid.*, p. 51.
[10] *Ibid.*
[11] "The 'Invention' of Anthracite Coal," (i.e. the use of hard coal in connection with a natural draft), *Heating and Ventilating Magazine*, vol. I, December, 1904, pp. 209-211.
[12] Oliver Evans is credited with having anticipated Fell's invention in 1803, but the Judge did not know this fact in 1808.
[13] *Heat. and Vent. Magazine*, p. 209.
[14] *Ibid.*, p. 210.

first grate.[15] Evidently the Fell atmosphere acted as an incentive to further achievement for out of this anniversary meeting grew the Wyoming Valley Historical and Geological Society.[16]

A second Jesse Fell (Jesse W.)[17] merits our attention because he influenced the course of American history at a critical point in our national destiny. He was born in 1808, the year of the Judge's invention. His father, after whom he was named, was a hatter but the son determined to become a lawyer and worked for his board in order to secure the necessary schooling. His education finished, he walked from Pennsylvania through Ohio into Illinois, and lived in the same boarding house as Abraham Lincoln, whose close associate he became.[18] Tiring of law, he sold his practice to David Davis,[19] entered the real estate business and became the founder of several towns. When a depression bankrupted him, he worked to pay his creditors in full and, turning to farming, he became interested in forestry. He pioneered in the planting of trees,[20] an enterprise for which the state has been profoundly grateful. He served as trustee for Ohio Wesleyan and was largely instrumental in securing the establishment of the first state supported institution in Illinois, the Normal School. But his services to the nation far outweigh his service to his adopted state. He was the first person to suggest to Abraham Lincoln that he should become an active candidate for the presidency;[21] and *it was at his request, and for his use that Lincoln penned his famous autobiography!*

Fell was a Whig and after the Lincoln-Douglas debates, he visited the eastern and middle states and learned at first hand the favorable reaction of those sections to Lincoln's part in

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[15]V. L. Maxwell, Lecture (2nd), "Mineral Coal," read at Institute Hall, Wilkes-Barre, Penna., Feb. 1858. Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, *Proceedings and Collections,* 4th ed., 1883, pp. 30-32.

[16]Hon. E. L. Davis (founder), Address, Feb. 10, 1883, *ibid.,* p. 43.

[17]Robert Dale Richardson, *Abraham Lincoln's Autobiography,* Beacon Press, Boston, Second edition, Preface.

[18]Frances I. Milton Morehouse, "Life of Jesse W. Fell," *University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences,* vol. V, June, 1916, p. 19.

[19]*Ibid.,* p. 27.

[20]*Ibid.,* p. 106.

[21]R. D. Richardson, *op. cit.,* p. viii.

the debates.[22] Returning home, he told Lincoln that he had become a formidable candidate for the presidency,[23] and advised him to write an account of his early life for circulation in western Pennsylvania.[24] Believing that he had absolutely no chance of winning the nomination, Lincoln refused,[25] but later relented and wrote the autobiography[26] which every schoolboy is familiar with. This he gave to Fell who forwarded it to Pennsylvania where it was published in the form of a news letter in the *Chester County Times* of February 11, 1860. The influence of the autobiography has been tremendous. In 1860, it answered the question "Who is Lincoln?" and put the common people of the country[27] squarely behind Lincoln's candidacy. Since that time it has been the corner stone of Lincoln biographical literature.[28] An interesting fact about the sponsor of the letter, Jesse W. Fell, is that, although he was a Whig of prominence and a party leader, he refused public office for himself.[29]

But it is high time that we turn our attention to the immediate family of Dr. Jesse Weldon Fell. His father, Dr. Samuel Fell,[30] son of the coal burning judge, was born at Wilkes-Barre in 1788. He graduated in medicine in 1808 and began practicing in Sussex County, N. J. Later, he located at New Hampton, Warren County, where he married Lydia, daughter of the Major Henry Dusenberry[31] who had been one of Washington's aides at the Battle of Monmouth. Fell was considered a good doctor and won considerable reputation as a surgeon.[32] His confreres called him a "doctors' doctor" because

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[22] *Ibid.*, p. 4.
[23] *Ibid.*, p. 5.
[24] *Ibid.*, p. viii.
[25] *Ibid.*, p. 7.
[26] *Ibid.*
[27] *Ibid.*, p. xiv.
[28] *Ibid.*, note 1, p. 17.
[29] S. M. Fell, *Genealogy*, p. 140.
[30] John Blane, *Medical History of Hunterdon (N.J.)* County, Newark, Jennings & Hardham, 1872, p. 235.
[31] S. M. Fell, *op. cit.*, p. 93.
[32] James P. Snell, *History of Warren and Sussex Counties*, Philadelphia, Everts & Peck, 1881, p. 511.

of a successful operation for strangulated hernia which he performed on Dr. E. Everett of Sussex.[33] Two facts indicate that he was not a practicing Quaker. He served as captain of a Warren County company of volunteers known as The Washington Greens[34] in the War of 1812, and he was very fond of fox hunting. This last fact may have resulted in his death for he is reported to have died as the result of a fall from his horse while following the hounds.[35] He was practicing at Belvidere, New Jersey, at the time of his death and died at the age of thirty-six, leaving a widow and three children. The youngest child, a boy of six, was Jesse Weldon Fell, the subject of our study.

Jesse Weldon Fell[36] was born at Belvidere on September 30, 1819. He received his early education from the famous teacher, the Rev. John Vanderveer, and later studied under the Rev. John McNair. In 1839, he married Catherine Menagh Dunn and settled with her in Port Colden, Warren County,[37] where he clerked in a relative's store. Jesse probably inherited his energy and initiative from both sides of his family for his Dusenberry relative was truly a man of action, although, unlike the Fells, his dream proved to be without substance. When he learned that the Morris and Essex Canal would run through his part of northwest Jersey, William Dusenberry[38] thought that he knew the spot where a thriving metropolis would spring up at the western end of the canal. There he built a store, a church, and other buildings to house the expansion he envisioned, but luck passed him by and Washington, N. J., became the thriving town he had thought his settlement would become. With the usual sardonic country wit, his neighbors labeled his village "Dusenberry's Folly." To counteract their ridicule, he named the place Port Colden in honor of Governor Cadwallader Colden of New York, and the hamlet is still

[33] *Ibid.*
[34] The author's great grandfather was first lieutenant in this company.
[35] J. P. Snell, *op. cit.*, p. 511.
[36] S. M. Fell, *op. cit.*, p. 207.
[37] *Ibid.*, p. 207.
[38] Snell, *op. cit.*, p. 714.

known by that name. It was in William's Port Colden store that Jesse clerked.

But Jesse was too much of a Fell to be satisfied to end his days as clerk in a country store and he determined to follow in his father's footsteps. He was twenty-two when he moved his growing family to the Dusenberry homestead at New Hampton and began the study of medicine with the resident physician, Dr. Robert McClenahan.[39] In the autumn of that same year, 1842, he located his family at 155 Spring Street, New York City, and enrolled in the Medical School of the University of New York from which he was graduated two years later. He began his practice in New York City and was one of the founders of the New York Academy of Medicine when it was organized in 1847, three years after his graduation from medical school. His association with the Academy, however, was not to prove a happy one and his experiences with some of its members may account for his decision later to locate permanently in London. A study of The Academy records[40] does not clear up the matter at issue between Dr. Fell and the dissenting members of the Academy but the bare facts seem to have been as follows.

On January 13, 1847, Jesse W. Fell signed the roll of founders[41] and at the meeting of the Academy held on February 24th, he was appointed temporary librarian in the absence of Dr. Thomas W. Markoe.[42] On July 5, 1848, he offered his resignation as a fellow of the Academy,[43] but, on motion, the resignation was laid on the table.[44] It was taken up at the stated meeting on August 2nd and, on motion, referred to the Committee on Medical Ethics.[45] Fell paid his last dues in 1854 and the word "suspended" appears after the record of payment

[39] S. M. Fell, *op. cit.*, p. 207.
[40] New York Academy of Medicine List of Founders with Biographical Notes, compiled by Dr. Samuel Smith Purple. Undated manuscript.
[41] *Ibid.*
[42] *Ibid.*
[43] *Ibid.*
[44] *Ibid.*
[45] *Ibid.*

in Dr. Purple's notes.[46] But the dispute was not ended, nor the matter clarified, and the case dragged on for several years longer.

Meanwhile, Dr. Fell was passing through harrowing personal experiences. His wife died of consumption in 1853 and, of the four children born to the couple, only one, Jessie Helen, a child of seven, survived.[47] These troubles, coupled with his inability to compose his differences with the Academy may have led him to consider removing his practice elsewhere for it was at this time that he made a complete break with his old life. In May, 1885, he married Elizabeth Ayrault Smith,[48] a lady of Quaker extraction from Middletown, Connecticut. In that same month month of May, accompanied by his wife and Jessie Helen, he sailed on a wedding trip which had as its main objective a visit to the Paris Exposition[49] of Napoleon III but which was, in fact, to end his professional life in the United States.

But the month before he sailed, Dr. Fell again tried to have his resignation accepted by the Academy. His new letter of resignation was dated April 4, 1855.[50] The letter was referred to Dr. Pond, Academy Treasurer, who on August 1st, made a specific report on the subject.[51] On September 5th, the resignation was taken from the table and the matter again referred back to the Committee on Ethics,[52] and when that body reported back on January 2, 1856, we finally get a clue to the matter at issue. The Committee made a "Special report in relation to the resignation of Dr. Fell, recommending that the Academy refuse him honorable dismission in consequence of his alleged relationship with a certain notorious quack."[53] Evidently Fell had defenders present for the minutes continue,

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[46] *Ibid.*
[47] S. M. Fell, *Genealogy*, p. 207.
[48] *Ibid.*
[49] *Ibid.*, p. 208.
[50] New York Academy of Medicine, Minutes of Meetings, 1885, 1856. Manuscript from safe.
[51] *Ibid.*
[52] *Ibid.*
[53] *Ibid.*

"A discussion thereupon ensued in which several members took part." On motion of Dr. Detmold, the resignation was again referred to the Committee on Ethics with instructions to take testimony and report back to the Academy as to what steps it were necessary to take in regard to it. But, on September 3rd, Dr. Warren, representing the Committee, made only an oral report as "the Committee was not yet prepared to make a final report." No further report has been found: whether the resignation was finally accepted, or whether "honorable dismission" was denied is not known. But when we consider that Dr. Fell first tried to resign in 1848, and that his resignation was still hanging fire eight years later, it seems reasonable to conclude that he must have had some very able defenders as well as some pretty determined opponents. It seems that he had become associated with a Dr. Gilbert in devising a new method of treating cancer. Evidently, the New York doctors were of two minds—those willing to give the new method a hearing and those just as determined to oppose the innovation. While the controversy still raged, he was putting the ocean between himself and his detractors.

His party sailed on the good ship Atlantic and, landing at Liverpool, they proceeded to London where Fell proved to be an indefatigable sightseer but was disappointed with his first view of the Thames, "a dirty little stream about the size of the Lehigh at Easton."[54] The Exposition was next visited ("dear Paris"), then Holland, Waterloo (where he picked my great grandmother's portulaca seeds), Prussia, Germany and the Rhine, and other points of interest.[55] Fell had found much to admire in England and he decided to take up the practice of medicine there. He was happy in England for he wrote later, "Although I am a thorough American and think there is nothing in all creation to compare with 'my own, my native land,' I should leave England with regret."[56] Finances were no

[54]Fell, *Letter* (see above note 3), p. 218.
[55]*Ibid.*, p. 227.
[56]*Ibid.*

part of his problem.[57] He resided at 70 Warwick Place, Belgrave Square, N. W., near Buckingham Palace. Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family passed his establishment frequently but he was not impressed by her majesty. "She is a little, *plain (homely American)* red faced woman, looks as though she was fond of 'Beer & wine' &c—Prince Albert is a fine looking man—the children only so, so."[58] Other ruling monarchs he saw he thought a homely lot but he made a gallant exception in the case of the French Empress (Eugenia). "She is very pretty and looks more queenly than any."[59] His establishment was quite pretentious. He kept a carriage and coachman, a riding horse, two female servants, and a page at his London place[60] and, in the summer of 1858, occupied the house formerly "used by the Ex Queen of France, and where the duchess of Orleans died last may."[61] The palace was a "splendid one, and magnificently furnished . . . it had 27 Beds in it—a splendid Library & fine paintings—the lawn and grounds delightful, running down to the river."[62] But the upkeep was high. "I paid $100 a week rent, and then we were obliged to keep 5 female servants, 2 Gardeners, coachman & footman—besides keeping up my establishment in London."[63] American visitors to London looked him up; Jenny Lind called on his family;[64] Barnum dined with him;[65] his daughter had a governess in the house and had been at school in Paris.[66]

After settling in his London offices, Dr. Fell began to use[67] his original method of treating cancer. He did not publicize this fact at first as London friends had warned him that his being a foreigner and a stranger would mitigate against his securing the endorsement of the medical profession until the value of

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[57]"He attained an eminent degree of private practice—we need hardly say, that all practice in London, which is eminent, is also invariably highly lucrative." *British Medical Journal,* May 16, 1857, p. 416.

[58]Fell, *Letter,* p. 222.

[59]*Ibid.*

[60]*Ibid.,* p. 223.

[61]*Ibid.,* p. 224.

[62]*Ibid.*

[63]*Ibid.,* pp. 225 f.

[64]*Ibid.,* p. 224.

[65]*Ibid.,* p. 227.

[66]*Ibid.,* p. 228.

[67]J(esse) Weldon Fell, *Treatise on Cancer and Its Treatment,* p. b.

his method had been proved by positive cures.[68] He also feared that unskilled hands might attempt to use his method without understanding its complexities, or might apply it in cases where no relief was possible, or under circumstances which might cause it to fall into disrepute,[69] results which he was unwilling to risk. Then again he felt that he was entitled to reap any financial benefits or any fame arising from its use, for, as he said, "The originator of a new remedy is often lost sight of when some leader in his profession adopts his method."[70]

According to Dr. Fell, medical men of a hundred years ago were divided into two schools of thought as to the origin of cancer. One group thought that cancerous growths were purely constitutional while the other held that they were entirely local in nature.[71] Dr. Fell thought that there was something to be said for both theories and that, while the original cancer generally began as a local growth, in time the patient's constitution became secondarily contaminated.[72] While searching for a cure for both conditions, he became convinced that the remedy lay in the discovery of a curative plant rather than in the knife,[73] and that persons living closest to nature would prove the best source of information as to such plants. Pursuing investigation along these lines, he learned of a root which the Indians living on the shores of Lake Superior used for healing purposes[74] and, after considerable experimentation with this root, he finally originated a medicinal paste in which it was the chief ingredient. The Indians called the root "puccoon" but botanists call it the *Sanguinaria canadensis* because it exudes a copions stream of blood-like fluid when broken. It had long been recognized as a powerful emmenagogue and alterative and, as such, had been admitted into the Pharmacopoeia of the United States.[75] Dr. Fell first used the puccoon in a pure state on ulcerated surfaces but later combined it with other substances in order to hasten its action.[76] In time, he found that chloride

[68] *Ibid.*, p. b.
[69] *Ibid.*
[70] *Ibid.*, p. vi.
[71] *Ibid.*, p. B.
[72] *Ibid.*
[73] *Ibid.*, p. 56.
[74] *Ibid.*, p. 56.
[75] *Ibid.*, p. 57.
[76] *Ibid.*, p. 58.

of zinc was the best medium for his purpose[77] and the compound made with it he used to such effect that, "Large ulcerated tumors were removed in the space of a few weeks and with little or no pain to the patient."[78] He next extended the treatment to non-ulcerated surfaces successfully, as he claimed,[79] and eventually perfected his compound which became known to the medical profession under the name of "Fell's Paste."

To apply the paste, shallow incisions were made about one-half inch apart in the eschar, great care being taken to avoid living tissues.[80] Paste was then spread on cotton strips and daily applied to the incisions.[81] "This treatment was continued for a period of from two to four weeks when the disease was destroyed and the cancerous matter fell out, leaving a flat, healthy sore which generally healed with great rapidity."[82] In addition to the external treatment thus used, Dr. Fell paid much attention to the general health[83] of his patients, ordering nourishing and sustaining food for them and administering the puccoon internally in small and repeated doses.[84] Where possible, he had his patients circulate freely out of doors, not only because he felt that the fresh air would benefit them physically, but also because the knowledge that their condition did not necessitate their being kept in bed served to keep up their morale and became a real factor in their recovery.

Dr. Fell devised a unique method of interesting London physicians in his compound and technique of treatment.[85]. For over a year and a half after beginning his practice at 70 Warwick Square, he opened his consulting rooms to the members of his profession ,for the purpose of demonstrating his treatment to them. He says, "Over a hundred doctors, and some of them the most justly celebrated in the country visited my rooms and nearly all of them have spoken of my treatment in the highest terms and treated me with the greatest polite-

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[77] *Ibid.*
[78] *Ibid.*
[79] *Ibid.*, p. 59.
[80] *Ibid.*
[81] *Ibid.*, p. 60.
[82] *Ibid.*
[83] *Ibid.*, p. 61.
[84] *Ibid.*
[85] *Ibid.*, p. vi.

ness and liberality."[86] One visitor,[87] however, incurred his displeasure for "He visited me for six months and saw the treatment in every stage of application and later wrote an article published in the *Lancet* of 1857 without even mentioning my name or his visits to my rooms."[88] Some other visitors also proved ungrateful for "They carried off some of my remedies but this dishonest act availed them nothing as even hospital analysis failed to detect the vegetable potion in them."[89] But some of Dr. Fell's visitors were impressed with his work and, in 1856, the Board of Governors of Middlesex Hospital invited him to demonstrate his method in a series of experiments in the cancer wards of that great institution. To understand the importance of this invitation, it is necessary for us to know something about Middlesex Hospital and the conditions set up in the deed of gift for controlling the practices of its cancer ward. One of these conditions was to make considerable trouble for our American doctor, Jesse Weldon Fell.

Middlesex Hospital was founded in 1745 and, in 1791, one Samuel Whitbread donated the sum of £3,500[90] "for the relief of persons afflicted with cancer, and the investigation of a complaint which, though extremely common, is both in regard to its natural history and cure, but imperfectly known."[91] Two requirements were set up as condition of the gift: the name of every patient treated was to be kept, and unusual cases were to be made a matter of special record, *and these records were always to be open to the public*.[92] Later, other endowments were made and, in time, the cancer ward became a sort of experimental school as the Controlling Board

[86] *Ibid.*
[87] Edward S. Haviland, "On the Use of Cloride of Zinc in the Treatment of Cancer," *Lancet*, vol. I, Feb. 14, 1857, pp. 161-162.
[88] *Ibid.*, p. vii.
[89] *Ibid.*
[90] *Lancet*, vol. II, October 24, 1857, p. 426.
[91] The author regrets not to be able to find the source to which she owes this quotation.
[92] "Middlesex Hospital Report on Cancer" (from the *Spectator*), *Living Age*, January, 1858, pp. 30-31.

made it available for the trying out of such new methods of treatment as were considered safe and proper to try.[93] The Board laid down two requirements which practitioners desiring to experiment in the ward had to meet: the proposed method of treatment must be explained to the surgical staff of the hospital before its trial could be permitted, and the demonstrator must consent to have his method made public within a reasonable time. Applications for permission to demonstrate, made from time to time by various doctors, were frequently rejected by the Controlling Board, which fact makes Dr. Fell's case the more remarkable. He did not ask for permission to demonstrate; the Board of Governors asked him to make a trial of his method at Middlesex Hospital.[94] He is reputed to have been the first foreigner ever to be permitted to practice in a London hospital![95]

In view of what was to come later from the same source, it is interesting to read an announcement published in the *Lancet* of the time. "We understand that Dr. Fell, the American physician whose treatment of this disease has of late been so much spoken of in London, has made an arrangement with the authorities of Middlesex Hospital, by which he has taken charge of a certain number of cases in the Cancer wards of that establishment, for the purpose of subjecting them to the action of his remedies. Dr. Fell has communicated, in confidence, the particulars of his treatment to the surgical staff, who will watch the cases and report on the results. *This experiment reflects great credit on the medical officers of the Middlesex Hospital.*"[96] Before consenting to the demonstrations, Dr. Fell imposed certain conditions to which the hospital authorities agreed.[97]

1. He (in confidence)[98] was to tell the hospital surgeons

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[93]*Ibid.*
[94]Fell, *Treatise,* p. vii.
[95]S. M. Fell, *Genealogy,* p. 208.
[96]*Lancet,* vol. I, January 31, 1857, p. 128 (Italics are not in the text).
[97]Fell, *Treatise,* p. ix.
[98]"Secret Surgery, and the 'Mystery Men' of the Middlesex." *Lancet,* vol. I, April 4, 1857, p. 358. This editorial constitutes a reversal of the previous position.

the nature of the remedies to be employed, their mode of preparation, and the manner of their use.

2. Twenty-five cases were to be subjected to treatment for a period of eight months.

3. He pledged himself to publish the full particulars of his system of treatment *within a period of six months from the conclusion of the experiments;* in case he failed to do so, the duty of publication was to devolve on the Middlesex Surgeons.[99]

On January 22, 1857, the series of treatments began. During its course, Dr. Fell had entire charge of three wards and cared for an average of sixty patients.[100] He also had the pleasure of ordering "one of the self conceited would-be great men of the London profession out of my wards and made him go, to."[101] (A *Lancet* representative met with refusal when he attempted to see some of Fell's patients.)[102] While experimenting, Fell was working on his report and this, the *Treatise on Cancer and Its Treatment,* was published June 1, 1857, six months after their conclusion. The book was dedicated to the Middlesex Surgeons "as a slight acknowledgment of their uniform kindness and valuable assistance during my connection with them."[103] In it, cancer methods in general were discussed and the origin and particulars of his own method disclosed. Of the latter, he wrote, "This plan succeeded admirably and is believed to be entirely original." A preliminary report on the results of the experiments had been made by the Surgical Staff at Fell's request for inclusion in his book and this was dated March 18th, less than two months after the first experiment was begun. While stating that the limited period of the trial made positive conclusions impossible, it found that there were certain points on which the Fell treat-

[99] Fell, *Treatise,* p. ix.
[100] Fell, *Letter,* p. 224.
[101] *Ibid.*
[102] *Lancet,* vol. I, Mar. 28, 1857, p. 318.
[103] *Ibid.,* p. b.

ments showed distinct advantages over prevalent surgical methods. These gains, summarized, were as follows:[104]

1. The treatment was in accord with known principles of surgery; was safe, ingenious, and easy to apply.

2. It could be employed in cases, both surgical and non-surgical.

3. Patients were not confined to bed or house and their health manifestly improved over those of ordinary cases by reason of exercise in the open air.

4. Exhaustion and hemorrhages arising from cutting operations of cancer were absent, and the patient less prone to constitutional affections such as erysipelas and pyaemia.

5. Enucleation of the diseased mass was succeeded by a healthy and cicatrized surface.

6. Treatment was less painful than usual under caustics; pains, when felt, were not in the tumor itself but in distant parts of the body.

"The undersigned have not as yet had time to ascertain the average duration of the benefits conferred by the treatment, nor have they any means of knowing whether, in the event of the return of the disease, there be any difference observable from what is known to take place after incision.

Signed

Alexander Shaw
Campbell De Morgan
Charles S. Morse
Mitchell Henry"

Fell closed his treatise by stating that, "Results show that out of every ten cases treated with puccoon, only three of the number returned for further treatments while the statistics of those operated on (according to the tables generally adopted by writers on the subject) show that from eight to eight and a fraction out of every ten cases return within two years. The first person suffering from cancer and treated with puccoon

[104]Fell, *Treatise*, p. ix.

of whom I have any knowledge is still living in the enjoyment of good health although the disease was removed fifteen years ago."[105]

With the possible exception of the Middlesex Hospital authorities, there evidently were not many members of the British medical profession who received Fell's work with kindly feelings for its author. While the reviews in the *British Medical Journal*[106] failed to take the matter seriously, the *Lancet,* which had directed a running fire of criticism against Fell and the Middlesex surgeons during the entire course of the trials, now outdid all previous efforts in holding them up to ridicule and censure. It spoke of "the magic influence of mystery—the omne ignotum pro magnifico," called Fell the "great 'mystery or medicine man' of the West," and said that, "Knowledge of Dr. Fell's secret has been dearly purchased by the sacrifice of the fair name of one of the London hospitals."[107] It was in the face of such criticisms that Dr. Fell completed his experiments and the Middlesex Surgical Staff made ready its final report on his work for the hospital authorities. The report was dated October 18, 1857, and was subsequently published by the order of the Quarterly Court.[108, 109] That public interest in the Fell experiments was continuing is shown by an article from the *Spectator,* published in the *Living Age* of the following January[110] which commented upon the Surgeon's Report, gave excerpts from it and, in conclusion, stated that, "The considered opinion of the Middlesex surgeons was that *the incisions constituted the chief value of Fell's work.* The use of zinc in cancer treatment was not new to them; the

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[105]*Ibid.,* p. 63.

[106]Issues of June 27, 1857, p. 555, and October 24, p. 422.

[107]*Lancet,* vol. I, June 13, 1857, p. 606.

[108]*Report of the Surgical Staff of the Middlesex Hospital, to the Weekly Board and Governors, upon the Treatment of Cancerous Diseases in the Hospital on the Plan Introduced by Dr. Fell.* London, J. Churchill, 1857.

[109]"We never read a bad Report so well worth reading . . . as a scientific report, or a literary composition, it is almost beneath criticism." *Lancet,* vol. II, October 24, 1857, p. 424.

[110]*Living Age,* 2nd series, vol. XX, January, 1858, pp. 30-31.

bloodroot seemed to have no effect when used internally and its external effect seemed limited to removing odors; but for the purpose of destroying cancer, it was inert."[111]

That Dr. Fell smarted under the criticism his work met with at the hands of his British brethren is shown in his letter, written on March 13, 1859, five months after the Middlesex Surgeons' *Report* appeared. In it he wrote, "I can assure you that the *great Medical men* of London, look a mighty lot larger, and greater, when looked at across the Atlantic—they are rather small affairs, and as a whole they are the greatest set of Quacks, I have ever seen, I have many warm friends among them and of course I do not express myself here in the same way."[112] After enumerating their alleged faults and downright dishonesties, he closed the subject by saying, "I know of but two men whom I would trust to treat me if I was ill."[113]

In 1860, another Middlesex surgeon reported further on the results of the Fell experiments. "Amongst many patients, treated . . . in . . . 1857, there was a marked difference in the effects. In some it appeared to act in the same manner as erysipelas and hospital gangrene. Apparently, but in fact incompletely, removed, the disease reappeared in a few weeks; in those cases, however, in which caustics were carried through the cancer into healthy tissues, no such recurrence took place before the healing of the wound. After that event, the cases

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[111] *Ibid.*, p. 31. For a fuller account of Fell's plan, the reader is referred to the original *Report of the Surgical Staff* (see note 108) or to the excerpts reprinted in the *Living Age*. The specific approval of the surgeons for the use of graduated incisions was given in the following statement. "We are of the opinion that this is its only, but its very great value. (They) constitute a new feature in the treatment of cancerous tumors for which we find no parallel in the writings of the past or in the practice of present surgeons . . . but the advantage placed in the hands of surgeons by the invention of gradual incisions, claims henceforth their very frequent adoption in the treatment of cancerous tumors, as well as a grateful acknowledgment of the ingenuity of their inventor" (*Report*, p. 50, reprinted verbatim in the *Living Age*, p. 31).

[112] Fell, *Letter*, p. 223.

[113] *Ibid.*, p. 224.

treated by caustic followed the ordinary course of cancer. Disease reappeared, and death ensued as usual."[114]

Little is known of Dr. Fell's later years. His daughter was with him in London in 1859[115] but, as she was married to Frederick Dellicker,[116] an American, in New York City in 1862, it is probable that she returned to the United States with her father and his wife some time between those two dates. The *London and Provincial Medical Directory* listed Dr. Fell as practicing at the Warwick Place address in 1861, but the entry also stated that the listing was made without his knowledge,[117] a fact which strengthens my belief that he was in the United States at that time. He probably gave up his Warwick Square offices before returning to the United States, but whether he remained in this country or returned to England during the Civil War period, I have been unable to learn. But, by 1871, he was back in London and was located at Campbell House, Tollington Park, Holloway. N.,[118] where he continued the practice of medicine until 1889.[119] Somewhere along the line he became a member of the British Medical Association[120] which fact shows that he was still held in repute profesionally. The files of the New York Academy of Medicine record him as having died in 1890 but the London Medical Directories of 1890 and 1891 do not mention his name in the obituary notices. His wife died in 1888[121] and it is possible that he may have returned to his native land after her death and died here. If he died in 1890, he was seventy-one years old and had survived the failure of his Middlesex Hospital experiments by a period of thirty-one years.

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[114] C. H. Moore in: *A System of Surgery, Theoretical and Practical, in Treatises by Various Authors.* Edited by T. Holmes. Vol. I, General Pathology, London, Parker and Son, 1860, pp. 565 f. and 567 where Dr. Fell's method is described.

[115] Fell, *Letter,* p. 228.

[116] S. M. Fell, *Genealogy,* p. 383.

[117] I owe this information to the kindness of the Librarian of the Royal Society of Medicine.

[118] *The Medical Directory for 1871 and General Medical Register.* London, Churchill.

[119] S. M. Fell, *Genealogy,* p. 208.

[120] *Medical Directory,* 1885.

[121] S. M. Fell, *op. cit.,* p. 208.

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NEW BRUNSWICK AS IT APPEARED IN 1825-1826

By Charles D. Deshler

Transcribed and edited by Elmer T. Hutchinson,
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(*continued from April,* 1950 *number*)

Across the Alley, on the opposite corner was a small, but quiet and respectable inn kept by George Williams; and beside it, a few feet back from the side walk in the alley, an artesian well had been bored, in the hope of getting a supply of good drinking water for man and beast. This hope was disappointed however, and the sole result of the enterprise was a continuous flow, through an inch iron pipe, of exceedingly ill-tasting water. An artesian well was a great novelty in those days, and the process of boring this particular one had been watched by our townfolk with eager curiosity. Although it failed to produce water that was good for anything, it was suffered to flow for a number of years; and an attempt was made at one time to attribute medicinal properties to the well, but without success, and at length it was allowed to go to ruin. Between William's inn and the corner of Peace and Albany streets there was only one house, and all that I

can remember of it is that it was occupied by a John Staats. This exhausts the houses on the west side of Peace street. On the opposite, or east side, the property from the corner of Albany street down to within some 30 or 35 feet of Peace Alley, was originally a part of the old Dennis estate but at this time the corner house, still standing, was owned by Robert Butler, a very respectable Protestant Irishman, and was an orderly and well conducted tavern, which belonged more properly to Albany street, on which it fronted. South of this was a low, brick building, a part of the Dennis estate, in which two of our most prominent citizens—Ezekiel Kinnan and Ferdinand S. (best known as "Schureman") Van Arsdalen, had their offices. Mr. Kinnan had been the confidential business man of John Dennis Jr., and of his father before him; and he still held that relationship to the Dennis estate. Mr. Van Arsdalen was a county official and a lawyer. Here the visitor would be almost certain to meet some of our most influential citizens, met together to exchange friendly greetings, or to talk over the affairs of the town, the state, or the nation; for although both Mr. Kinnan and Mr. Van Arsdalen were earnest politicians, they were not rancorous, and were generally popular. Mr. Kinnan was quiet, benignant, methodical, and universally esteemed for his integrity; and Mr. Van Arsdalen was gay, genial, witty, brimful of humor, and highly regarded as a capable business man. Hence their joint offices became a common meeting ground for men of all political parties, and was the arena of any searching but decorous discussions of men and measures. Leaving these offices, we would come to a vacant lot which extended to a little frame building on the Dennis property which consisted of two rooms only, one above and one below, and was tenanted by some small mechanic. Adjoining this, on the N.E. corner of Peace Alley and extending back to Little Burnet street, was the old Applegate property, in former days an inn kept by William Applegate, by whom it was sold to Nathan Dunn, another inn keeper (who succeeded Nehemiah Vernon as the landlord of the White Hall Tavern), and by Nathan Dunn

to Levi Disbrow, who resided in it in 1825, using the house fronting on Little Burnet street as his family residence, and the one on the corner of Peace street and Peace Alley as a store. The other side of Peace Alley, extending through from Peace to Little Burnet streets was the property of John V. Crawford, the comfortable dwelling on Little Burnet street being his family residence, and the house fronting on Peace street being his store and bakery. Mr. Crawford[26] was justly regarded as one of the original characters in our town at that day. A Scotsman by birth, he had been a sailor in his youth and early manhood, and had served in the British Navy, under Lord W. Vincent, at the battles of Camperdown and the Nore. After leaving the British Navy he led a life of hardship and adventure until 1816 when he came to this country, married a most estimable woman[27], was naturalized, embarked in the baking business in our city, and became a prosperous and highly esteemed member of the community. He was a man of infinite jest and humor, and was rich in anecdote and in the most captivating stories derived from Scottish traditions, or from his own adventures by land and sea. He was famous for his practical jokes and inventions at the expense of his intimates, which were so replete with harmless fun and gay good-nature, or so obviously the mere creations of his active fancy, as to be as greatly relished by his victims as by the rest of his auditors. He was a man of superb physique, wonderfully agile even in his more advanced years, and ever brimming over with animate spirits. Notwithstanding that he was a very industrious man, and scrupulously attentive to his business, he yet found time every day, between the intervals of his baking, to go the round of stores in the vicinity, almost invariably in his shirt sleeves, and crack his jokes, fire off his witticisms, and dispense his stores and anecdotes, to the infinite amusement of his neighbors. Withal, he had a serious strain. He was a great reader and an intelligent thinker and reasoner. He was passionately fond

[26] Born 1780, died April 20, 1848.

[27] Married in New Brunswick July 13, 1841 to Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchins. *New Brunswick Fredonian,* July 21, 1841.

of music and poetry, singing a good song with admirable effects, and spouting favorite passages from his favorite poets with taste and animation. Especially was he an enthusiastic admirer of his brother Scot, Robert Burns, whose poems he had at his tongue's end and would often recite to me, *memoriter,* with contagious spirit. After I had learned to share his admiration of the Scottish bard, at the age of ten or twelve years, he rewarded me with a set of Burn's poems and letters, in four volumes, which I still count among the treasures of my library. I could fill pages with my reminiscenses of this delightful and excellent man, but I forbear. I shall only add that he was a great lover of children, which he manifested in many ways, among others still fresh in my memory, by baking cheap and relishing holiday cakes for them in a great variety of forms, either round with gracefully scolloped edges most admirably adapted for nibbling, or in the shape of horses, birds, pigs, elephants, and the human form divine; and that he was a humble, sincere, and devout Christian, a valued and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. In the Revolutionary times and for some years thereafter, the property adjoining that which we have just passed was a portion of the garden belonging to Col. Dunham's mansion on Little Burnet street. But in 1825, and for some years previous, the garden had been shorn of its old dimensions, and all that part of it which fronted on Peace street, and extended back some 20 or 25 feet, had been applied to new uses in response to the demands of business. A long, two storied, frame house had been built upon it, and converted into two stores, of equal size, with a narrow yard running along the rear, the one next to Mr. Crawford's bakery store being occupied as a tobacco and cigar store by Michael Meyers, a German, the grandfather of Philip A. and Benjamin H. Meyers. This store was a branch of Mr. Meyers' tobacco and cigar factory, then and for several years before, in the houses still standing at No. 80 Somerset street. At this factory cut tobacco for chewing and smoking was manufactured, and also cigars; while the Peace street store was devoted to the sale, at wholesale and retail,

of those commodities, and also to the sale and manufacture of the finer qualities of cigars. These were made, in the intervals of sales at the counter, by Mr. Meyers' sons Benjamin, John, and Philip (Henry was too young, being a school boy.) This store was the favorite resort of a number of cronies and other habitues who were fond of gossiping over the social, political, business, military, and other affairs of the town, and the diurnal happenings among its people. It was an exchange for the receipt and dissemination of mild scandal and domestic news; and as such filled the niche less harmlessly occupied by our modern daily newspaper. The other portion of this building—the part nearly opposite the foot of Church street— was occupied as a crockery store, but by whom it was conducted I cannot recall. A narrow alley intervened, and then the house of my grandfather, Dr. Jacob Dunham,[28] was reached, still standing at the foot of Church street, but

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen
Fallen from its high estate."

This was then a double dwelling house, with a hallway running through from front to rear. On one side of the entrance was the doctor's office, and on the other the parlor. Of this gentleman, my grandfather, I can not speak without strong emotions of love and gratitude. He was a vigorous, stalwart and powerful man, nearly six feet in height, broad chested, and, owing to his constant exercise by day and night, on foot, on horseback, or in gig or sulky, in his visits to his patients in the town and for many miles in the adjacent country, he was without a single ounce of superflous flesh. He was dignified in his manners, but without any tincture of pomposity. From the time when I can first remember him, he had discarded knee-breeches, as not affording him sufficient protection from the exposures necessitated by his profession. I remember, however, in the course of my rum-

[28]Jacob Dunham, son of Col. Azariah Dunham born in New Brunswick Sept. 29, 1767, died Aug. 7, 1832. Vickes, Stephen *History of Medicine in New Jersey and of Its Medical Men,* 1879, p240.

magings in some old chests and bureaus in a lumber room of his house, to have come across, and regarded with much admiration his cast off suits of leather, broadcloth, and silk breeches, with the appended stockings and buckles. He had also discarded for out-door use, when making his professional rounds, his swallow-tailed coat, and had substituted for it a capacious surtout, or long-frock coat, in whose pockets he could conveniently carry his pocket medicine-cases, and some instruments that might be needed on an emergency, while away from home. He still retained, however, the enorous fine white cambric cravats and the ruffed shirts of the period. His practice was very large in town, and also extended as far out in the surrounding country as Washington, Old Bridge, Dunham's Corner, Three Mile Run, Middlebush, up the Easton Turnpike to the present Five Mile Lock, and on the other side of the river to Quibbletown, Metuchen, Piscataway, Bonhamton and Woodbridge. A very considerable portion of his practice lay among the very poor, whom he attended with the same assiduity as he did the rich, and to whom he habitually made no charge. It was their custom, however, to bring humble presents to him, which he always accepted with fine courtesy as being all they could afford as a recompense for his services. Among his most frequent patients were the fishermen at the "Mines," and their large families—a wild and rather rough lot, over whom he had a wonderful influence, and whose tumults and outbreaks he could quell by a word, when all other expedients had failed. It was their custom to bring to him the first shad and the first mess of frostfish of the season, which were always religiously set aside for "the Doctor," and were despatched to him by one of their number as soon as caught, so that he might have the opportunity to boast, were he minded, that he was the first to have these delicacies on his table.

I have often been astonished in later life at the amount of substantial and practical information, the extent of the fixed principles of morals and opinion, the habits of thought and observation, and the multitude of things which have

colored my life and character, that I derived from his constant companionship. These teachings were not in the shape of formal lessons, precise directions or commands; but were yet so managed as to make an indelible impression upon me, usually by a quiet remark or the force of example, without my knowing that I was being taught. He rarely commanded me to do this or that; but made me feel, instinctively, that this ought to be done and that left undone, to perceive clearly the distinctions between right and wrong, to discriminate between what was manly, honorable, or in good taste from the reverse, and to discover what it was desirable to know and to do in small as well as in grave matters.

It was my grandfather's custom, from my sixth year, to take me by the hand when making his rounds among his patients; and, while on the way, to amuse, interest, or instruct me by drawing upon his large stores of knowledge and experience in a manner suitable to my callow understanding. Having observed that I had fallen into a habit of whistling along the streets—a habit I had contracted from seeing some negroes perambulating the streets and whistling the latest circus-music—he did not reprimand me directly, but one day, after having met and exchanged salutations with a number of our foremost citizens, we came up with three negroes who were swaggering before us and loudly whistling some negro melody, whereupon my grandfather quietly remarked: "No gentleman whistles in the streets. Would it not seem strange to see Bishop Croes, Dr. Cannon, or Col. Kemper, go along the street whistling as those negroes do?" And then, without waiting for a reply, he added that whistling was an evidence of idleness and emptiness, and that the gentlemen he had named were busy and thinking men as well as polite gentlemen, who had some thing with which to occupy their minds besides whistling, while the negroes before us were idle, and ignorant, and thoughtless. Of course, I felt, and I hope profited,, by the gentle rebuke.

At a somewhat later day, I had fallen into the habit, when going on an errand or to school, to loiter on the way, gazing around, aloft, into the shop windows, etc. My grandfather

had noticed this, but said not a word. He was himself a beautiful penman, and was giving me lessons in writing. To this end, he had taught me how to make and cover my own copybook out of a quire of foolscap paper, and also how to rule it for "fine-hand" and "coarse-hand" with a plummet that he had shown me how to fashion into the proper shape for ruling, out of a bullet or other bit of lead. From day to day he would set me the copy for the day in his beautiful and bold round-hand. One day, upon my going to my copy-book to prepare for my writing exercise, I found that my grandfather had himself ruled pages enough in coarse hand to occupy me for a fortnight; and the following was the copy he had set, extending over both pages of my copy-book in letters half an inch high: "Charles D. Deshler, The Street-Gazer and Idler." Thus I had literally "line upon line, and precept upon precept" of my misdemeanor before my eyes, down one page after another, with self-accusing iteration, for an hour every day for a fortnight; at the end of which time I was heartily sick of the monotonous arraignment, and had resolved that I should not incur the risk of another lesson of that kind.

As we walked through the town, or rode in the country together, my grandfather pointed out the houses and spots which were invested with historic or other interest; and impressed upon me the changes of the seasons, and their effects upon the birds, insects, squirrels, air, and the sky. He was a great lover of Nature, in all her moods; and again and again would stop his horse, alight and, through a pocket microscope admire with me some of her minutest and most beautiful creations. In the course of these walks and rides he pointed out, at one time or another, the sites of the houses which had been burned by the British in the Revolutionary War, and told me many thrilling incidents affecting the people who had lived in them during that time; explored with me the scene of Col. Simcoe's capture at the Mile Run Brook,[29] and showed me how and where our troops which captured

[29]For account of Simcoe's capture, see: Benedict, William H. *New Brunswick in History,* New Brunswick, 1925, pp. 125-6.

him were concealed in ambush, in the deep red-shale gullies and ravines, that were still visible in my boyhood, almost unchanged since the Revolution; strolled with me to the spot, then half a mile from town, on the margin of the Morris Farm Woods, just east of the "Potter's Field," where Simcoe's remaining retreating horsemen, commanded by Major Stewart, cut to pieces the young and intrepid Captain Peter Voorhees, of New Brunswick, as he was endeavoring, almost without support, to arrest them in their headlong flight toward South Amboy; and described, on the very ground where they occurred, the skirmishes that took place between the patriot soldiery and the British outposts and foraging parties, near New Brunswick, at Woodbridge and Piscataway, opposite Staten Island, and at Quibbletown and Rahway.

When about seven or eight years old I contracted a great dread for thunder and lightning. This had been induced and fostered by an invalid Aunt who was naturally very timorous. I was fondly attached to her, as may be inferred from the circumstances that, on more than one occasion, I had seen her making a wry face over some medicine which she was about to take, and which I knew had a most nauseous taste (it was powdered gum guiacum), I offered in all simplicity to take it for her believing it might do her as much good as if she herself had taken it. My Aunt was as fond of me as I was of her, and being a highly cultivated woman, with fine literary tastes and acquirements, she exerted a potent, and, with the exception of the matter just noted, a most wholesome influence upon me. At that time Dr. Franklin's general rules, for securing safety during a thunder storm, were looked upon as so much gospel. And, in conformity with them, whenever a storm of that kind came up, the females and young children of the family would gather in my Aunt's room, draw down the curtains, light candles, close the doors and windows to prevent the lightning from following a draft, perch themselves upon the high feather-bed—a feather-bed being held to be an infallible non-conductor, and carefully avoided getting in front of an open fireplace, which also was considered a point of great danger. When thus as-

sembled, my Aunt, who was a highly religious woman, would read to us some hymns and psalms which she thought specially appropriate to the solemn occasion, such as "God moves in a mysterious way," "Before Jehovah's awful throne," "I would not live always," and Montgomery's well-known poem "The Thunderstorm." The effect of all this upon me was to cause me to regard a thunder-storm as a sort of foretaste of the day of judgment, and in which the Almighty manifested His personal presence in a very special and awful manner. And it had the further effect of making me as timorous as a hare at every summer shower. My grandfather had silently observed all this, and if he was in the house when a thunder storm came up, he would go to the front door, throw it open, and gaze out upon the hurtling clouds and lurid lightning as if they were objects of the greatest and most harmless interest. He took pains to make me see what he was doing, detaining me a little sometimes as I was on my way to the refuge of my Aunt's room, with no further immediate effect on me, however, than to make me reflect that he was a very brave man. His next step was, during a terrific thunder-storm, when we were all huddled together on my Aunt's feather-bed, to take up his flute—on which he was a masterly performer—and play some of his (and our) favorite melodies, I well remember, when we first heard its sweet tones in the pauses of the mighty thunder, that our feeling was one of horror at the levity, as if a sacrilege had been committed. But realizing it was Grandpa who was playing, this feeling vanished, for we all knew that he revered God as deeply as any of us; and after a few times, I began to listen for it, deriving a sense of reassurance from its calm and musical tones, and unconsciously regarding the performance as the expression of deep poetic feeling.

About this time, my Grandfather introduced the practice—which was continued as long as he lived—of having me devote some time each day in reading aloud to him the current newspapers, including the debates in Congress and the occurences at home and abroad. These papers were published weekly or bi-weekly only, and our files consisted of "The

National Intelligencer," of Washington, "Poulson's Gazette," of Philadelphia, and our own home newspapers, the "Fredonian" and the "Times," together with the "Belvidere Apollo," of which my father was the editor. When I had pursued this novitiate for a season, one day, as my grandfather and I were walking together, hand in hand, he casually remarked:

"There seems to have been great many thunder storms this year."

"Yes sir," I replied, "ever so many, the papers are full of them."

"And there have been a good many people killed by them, have you noticed that?

"O! yes, grandpa," I responded eagerly and excitedly, "a great many."

"Can you recollect how many?" he quietly asked.

"Why, as many as fifteen or twenty sir."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that seems quite a large number," and then relapsed into silence, as if he had dismissed the subject. But after a few moments silence, he abruptly asked: "What is the population of the United States?"

"About twelve millions, sir," I responded promptly.

"Twelve millions," he repeated slowly, "and if this fifteen of twenty were struck by lightning this year. Well! that is one in every six or eight hundred thousand, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Why, my boy, as many as that die in our town of measles and scarlet fever every year, so that the chance of your being struck by lightning is very poor. It's nothing like as dangerous as the measles or scarlet fever."

And then he dropped the subject. But he had set me thinking, and soon I had reasoned myself out of my abject fears, and could stand fearlessly beside him as he gazed upon the rising or raging storm, and was able to share his enjoyment of its grandeur and sublimity.

My grandfather had a great love for scientific, and social, and industrial investigation, especially when directed to practical ends. He was an early and intelligent advocate of railroads and canals. He was one of the earliest advocates of

temperance in our town; and I have a lively remembrance of his emptying barrels of his cherry rum and other noxious stimulants into the street gutters with the effect of making some geese, which had gobbled up the cherries, act very queerly. He had studied the properties of anthracite coal, and very early demonstrated practically, in connection with his friend Sayre, its applicability as a fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes. In another paper, "Sixty Years Ago,"[30] I have given a sketch of the introduction of the first load of "stove" coal in our city by my grandfather, and the construction by him of the first grate in our town in which he put it to a successful test.

He was a man of great decision and firmness, very stern against sin and evil of every kind, but very tender to sinners and evil-doers when in suffering or distress. He had a passionate love of country, and worshipped the Union. Of this I can recall one or two characteristic instances: one of which was related to me by the late "Emperor" Ryno (James Ryno), in whose presence it happened; and the other, I relate from my own recollections of it.

When John Quincy Adams was elected President party feeling ran very high and great bitterness was excited. Some of the gentlemen of the town, however, of both parties, were wont to meet at the Reading Room of one of the Inns, and discuss public affairs earnestly, but temperately, as became gentlemen. On one of these occasions, an unnaturalized Englishman—a large, blustering man, who had the reputation of being a bruiser and a bully—thrust himself, ininvited into the conversation with the exclamation, "Damn the President of the United States!" All the gentlemen, irrespective of party lines, were indignant at the gratuitous and ruffianly insult, but my grandfather resented it on the spot. Rising from his chair, he cried, "Sir, I permit no foreigner to insult my country unrebuked, and I now warn you that if you repeat what you have said, I will chastise you as you deserve." Without a moment's hesitation came the insulting

[30]Deshler, Charles D. *Recollections of Sixty Years Ago in Our City.* Author's manuscript in Rutgers University Library.

rejoinder, "Damn the President of the United States!" But it had scarcely been uttered, when my grandfather who was a practiced athlete, struck the blusterer with his clenched fist and knocked him sprawling on the floor. Picking himself up, the Englishman made as if he would rush at my grandfather, who stood calmly awaiting him, but something in the tall and muscular form and resolute blue eye before him, restrained him, and he began to back out of the room scowling, saying, as he did so, "You shall hear from me, sir!" My grandfather calmly replied, "I do not think I shall ever hear from you in the way you seem to intimate; but that there may be no misapprehension, understand that if a ruffian should send me a challenge I should throw it in the fire, but if he should attack me in any other way, I am always prepared to defend myself." My grandfather was right. He never heard from the man in the way he intimated, nor in any other.

The other instance was of a very different kind from this. It was on the fourth of July, 1832, while my grandfather (Dr. Jacob Dunham) was lying on his death-bed, and within 34 days of his death.[31] The day had been celebrated with unusual spirit; and in the afternoon a large number of our best citizens had assembled in Mann's Long Room to partake of a Fourth of July Dinner. with the usual accompaniment of patriotic toasts and speeches. When the company had organized a committee was appointed to wait on my grandfather, and if he should be well enough to see them, present to him the salutations of the assemblage, and ask him for a toast to be read at the dinner. Accordingly, the gentlemen called at my grandfather's house, and, on their presence having been made known to him, he desired that they should be shown up to his room, where, he caused himself to be propped up on pillows to receive them. The gentlemen of the Committee were of his life-long friends; and they were greatly affected when they saw his once powerful but now wasted form. After a silent, but fervent clasp of his extended hand,

[31]Died August 7, 1832.

they made known their errand. He thanked them for their courtesy, bade them say to his assembled friends how profoundly he was touched by their thoughtful remembrance of him, and said he would dictate his toast to his grandson (myself, then a lad of 13, standing beside his pillow), who would bring it around to the meeting. When the Committee had retired, my grandfather asked me to bring pen and paper, and when I had done so bade me write down the concluding sentence of Webster's great Union Speech in reply to Hayne: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" This done, he further bade me put on my best coat and a clean collar, and to take what I had written at his dictation around to Mann's Long Room, and deliver it to the Chairman of the assembled company, as Dr. Dunham's toast. When I reached the room, I was led to one of the tables, at the head of the room, at which the Chairman was seated; and, on my delivering my grandfather's message to him, he rose, and requested all the guests to rise. He then stated that Dr. Dunham had sent a toast in response to the request that had been made of him, and that his grandson, who was the bearer of it, would read it. Stimulated by my reverence of my grandfather, and by the pride that I felt in the unwonted mark of regard and respect that had been shown for him, I read the immortal words without a tremor. And when I had done, there was a profound silence for a few moments, during which each guest drank to the toast, and then arose such a peal of cheers upon cheers that I thought the rafters of the old inn would fall in.

I recall this, as another illustration of the manner in which my grandfather gave me lessons in whatsoever he would indelibly impress upon my mind and character.

In his family relations my grandfather was a type of ideal excellence, simplicity, and beauty; and there was a rare charm in all that appertained to his household. His children reverenced him, his grandchildren loved and adored him, and his servants venerated him, and were proud that he was their master.

I recall him in these relations, prompted partly by my

undying love for him, and also because I think the recollection of them will serve to give a tolerably clear impression of an interesting feature of the social charactistics of the early period that I am passing in review.

In the morning, my grandfather was always at home when possible from 11 to 12 o'clock. Prior to that he had made his rounds among the city patients; and the afternoon was reserved for his rounds among those who resided in the country. This practice was widely known; and his home hour was generally passed in receiving calls from his particular friends. who availed of it to meet in his parlor, pass the salutations of the day, converse about matters of mutual concernment, and then to gravitate with him almost automatically to the sideboard to drink a friendly parting glass of wine. This social hour was sometime intruded upon by professional calls, which took place in my grandfather's office, directly across the hall from the parlor. During this hour "Daddy Will" (my grandfather's black boy body servant). dressed in faultless black broadcloth and snowy shirt and cravat, had charge of the front door. which was a double door with an upper and a lower leaf. He knew almost every body in town and for miles around, and his eye instinctively distinguished the social from the professional caller. He would usher the former into the parlor with the most effusive politeness, after the following or some similar formula: "Good mornin' Jedge" (or "Bishop," "Colonel," "Squire, or plain "Mister," as the case might be), "kind o' frosty dis mornin'; walk in if you please, sar, de doctor's in de parlor, walk in sar," bowing the while with very demonstractive sweeps and scrapings, and throwing open the parlor door. The business caller, on the other hand, was received in a respectful but entirely plain and business way; for Daddy Will well knew when to "put on the frills," and when they were inappropriate.

My most delightful recollections of my grandfather's home life are associated with my morning hours with my Aunt Eliza, his youngest daughter, and my early evening hours with himself, and afterward with the gathered family.

My Aunt Eliza was a woman of rare cultivation and in-

telligence. She was an ardent lover of good literature, and read alond with exquisite taste and feeling. An hour in the morning was almost invariably spent by me with her in reading aloud, one or the other of us alternating. And I have often, since then, been amazed at the number and excellence of the books which were thus read, and which, I afterward learned, were carefully selected by my grandfather and my aunt with special reference to the influence they would exert upon my tastes and understanding. Some were read through, others in part; and after each reading, it was the custom of my aunt to converse with me about what had been read, to fix my attention upon particular passages or incidents, and thus impress them upon my memory. A thousand times in later life, when I have been engaged in editorial or literary pursuits, I have been able to trace matter with which I was as familiar as I was with my a b c's and that proved serviceable to me for illustration, for exact information, fortification or defence of a theory or a principle, or for the guidance and direction in taste, opinion, or morals, to the stores that had been garnered in these morning readings, from my sixth to my thirteenth year.

But the brightest and most delightful portions of the day were the evening hours with my grandfather and afterward with the gathered family. As soon as tea was over, accompanied by us youngsters, he migrated to the parlor, when he would take his flute or violin and delight us with the "concord of sweet sounds" which he evoked from them. This done, he would seat himself before the Franklin whose cheerful fire alone illuminated the room, with us young folk around and beside him on low stools, listening to his tales of the Revolutionary War, especially dwelling upon the sufferings and privations that our forefathers endured, or the exploits they performed, in the cause of independence, and upon the personal appearance, doings, and characteristics of some of the foremost revolutionary officers and leaders. When the war of the Revolution broke out, he was about eight years years old; and as the British took possession of his father's house, as quarters for some of their officers, his mother was

forced to leave New Brunswick with her younger brood of children, and to seek a refuge in the house of her father (Jacob Ford) at Morristown. Her maiden name was Mary Ford,[32] and she was a daughter of the patriot of that name, in whose house Washington afterward established his headquarters. Here my grandfather spent nearly eight years; and thus it happened that he had a lively recollection of many interesting incidents that occurred there during the war, and was able to give us graphic sketches of these, the manners, personal apearance, sayings and doings of Washington, Lafayette, Hamilton, Steuben, and others among the patriot heroes and leaders. Among other things, I recall some songs that he had picked up, which were sung by Lafayette, one of which, a popular French ballad or war-lyric, called "Malbrook," was a special and oft-repeated favorite with us. Oh! the charm, and the happy memories that I retain, of this early hour in the dusk of the evening, when our grandfather relaxed from the toils of the day, and fortified himself for his final nightly rounds among his patients! Toward the close of this golden hour, all the family—my grandmother, my mother, my aunts, and omnipresent Daddy Will—quietly gathered around the parlor fireside, and the talk became more general; till at length my grandfather put away his flute, threw his great-cloak about him, and accompanied by his sable servitor, left the house for the concluding labors of the day. Soon after, the lamps or candles were lighted, my grandmother settled herself in an easy chair beside the fire with her inevitable knitting in hand, my mother and my aunts disposed themselves around the work-stands with their needle-work or knitting, and I looked on expectantly from my little stool at the feet of my grandmother. Very soon, to my intense delight, my Aunt Eliza drew out from her work-stand drawer, the book which was to be the solace and enjoyment of the evening; and, knitting the while, read aloud the latest novel or poem for the general entertainment, to the accompaniment of the spluttering, crackling wood-fire in the Franklin, and the cheer-

[32]Azariah Dunham and Mary Ford, daughter of Jacob Ford Sr., were married at Morristown May 21, 1753.

ful chirpings of the home like cricket. Those were the days when the romances of the Wizard of the North, and the novels and tales of Bulwer, James, Mrs. Radcliffe, Jane Taylor, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Sherwood were dropping from the press; and as rapidly as they were published, were procured and read aloud, in her most musical modulated voice, by my Aunt Eliza.

To accommodate himself to the exactions of his profession, it was the custom in my grandfather's family to breakfast at 7, dine at 1, and take tea at 6. Indeed this was the usage generally practiced in our town, at that day.

Passing on from Dr. Dunham's we come to one of the busiest spots and one of the busiest men in our town, at that day—the hardware store, cedar-coopershop, and trunk factory of Peter P. Vanderhoef. As has been already noted, Mr. Vanderhoef's family residence fronted on Little Burnet street. His property extended through to Peace street, the building on the latter being separated from the one on the former by a small but trim and snugly kept yard, bordered by flower beds Mr. Vanderhoef, who was a brother-in-law of our veteran townsman Martin A. Howell, was a short, plump, red-faced, mercurial man; fond of creature comforts both liquid and solid; blessed with a double chin and a double allowance of abdomen; and, although a jovial companion and a loud and long laugher, having the reputation of being strict to severity with his apprentices and journeymen. Among these I recall his brother-in-law, Martin A. Howell; Marinous Warne (afterwards a leading and highly respectable merchant of St. Louis); Jerry Coon, famous in his day as an expert worker in the fragrant red cedar, that was here converted into pails, tubs, piggins, churns, etc.; and Peter P. (familiarly known throughout the town as "Pete") Robinson, then a gaunt, wiry, hard-working and a little queer, young fellow, a singular combination of craftiness, shrewd cunning, and simplicity, of playfulness, good-humor, and savage ill temper-traits which made him the standing butt of his companions and of young America at large; and who, in later years ripened into the ferocious and

cold blooded murder of Abraham Suydam.[33] In friendly proximity to Vanderhoef's, was the neat and modest residence, and the silver-smith and watchmaker's shop of his friend and comrade, John Vanderveer. Here Gustavus Auten and Laurence F. Frazee were then "learning the trade." Between Vanderveers' and the corner of Peace street and Commerce Square were a couple of small wooden buildings, one of which was occupied as a dry good store by A. V. Carman, but by whom the other was occupied, and for what purposes, I cannot remember. At this time the large frame buildings then fronting on Commerce Square and extending through from Peace to Little Burnet street—even then quite old and worn-looking, and afterward occupied by George H. Stout as an iron-store and smithy—were untenanted, and were also, as they long continued, anything but an ornament to the neighborhood.

The first house in Albany street, as the traveller entered the town from New York, was the toll-house of the Bridge, which rested on the abutment on the north side of the approach to the bridge from the town. This house was resided in, and the toll gate was kept, at that time by John H. Brown, a respectable and estimable citizen, who, in addition to his salary as gate-keeper and draw-tender, eked out a frugal livelihood by selling spruce beer, cake, milk, and other small articles. In connection with Mr. Brown's incumbency as toll-keeper, an incident occurred,which is doubtless still fresh in the memory of our older citizens; and which, though trivial in itself, was the occasion of much merriment, and serves to illustrate the fact that the human mature of the boys of that period, and their propensity to fun and mischief, were as keen and alert as they are in the boys of today. One of our most prosperous citizens, John T. Duyckinck, kept a large number of cows; and in summer was accustomed to pasture them in a lot on the other side of the river. He had for his man-of-all-work, a middle-aged, thick-headed, simple-minded rustic—a freshly imported north of Ireland Irishman—Billy Mason by name. When I say that Billy knew enough to go in when it rained I pretty nearly exhaust the limitations of his natural

[33]Committed in New Brunswick, December 3, 1840.

gifts. Still, despite his dull wits, he was a good honest fellow, as faithful as a dog, and like a dog capable of being wrought up to a momentary flash of excitement or of passion.

It happened one day that as slow-footed, slow-witted Billy was driving his employer's cows from he pasture lot to the barn for milking, his Juno-eyed charges were touched with a sudden remembrance of their beloved feeding ground. They were just turning off of Albany street into Peace street, making for Mr. Duyckinck's cow-yard—the cows in front and Billy stolidly bringing up the rear—when the memory of the luscious fields from which they were being driven, as from another Paradise by a flaming cherub in the person of Billy, grew too powerful for them, and yielding to an irresistible impulse they wheeled around and made a hurried stampede for the bridge and their old browsing ground, before Billy could realize what they were up to. As soon as he recovered from his stupefaction, he was in full chase after them, as fast as his not very flexible legs could carry him. But the cows had too much the start of him, and were making excellent time toward the bridge, while he was yet only in front of the Whitehall Tavern. Whereupon, though literally "afar off," Billy "lifted up his voice," and vociferated again and again, "John Brown! John Brown! Shut the gates that goes to York! Shut the gates that goes to York!" But his shouts were bootless. Mr. Brown was too far away to hear his cries or to comprehend his frantic gesticulations; and the cows scampered gaily through the open gates rejoicing, doubtless in visions of the not distant clover field. Poor Billy never heard the last of this. So long as he lived, whenever the boys caught sight of him they raised the cry "John Brown, shut the gates that goes to York," much to his helpless though not speechless indignation; and from that day his familiar cognomen with old and young was "Billy-shut-the-gates."

In those days the descent from the toll-house to the foot of the Albany street approach to the bridge, was appropriated by the boys of the town, in the winter season, for a coasting-hill. There was then no canal; and alongside the northerly abutment of the bridge was a slip, which, during two thirds of the

year was the resort of oyster-boats. But during the winter months this slip formed a part of the boys' coasting hill. Hither the boys would flock with their sleds from all parts of the town in snowy and icy weather; and starting their sleds directly in front of the gate-keeper's door, would ride down hill "belly bumper" or "settin's up," in their career rounding the sharpturn at the foot, entering and passing through the slip, and carried by the impetus of their descent far out into the river on the ice. There was some danger in rounding the abutment of the bridge and in dashing over the ice on the margin of the river, that made this coasting place very attractive; and, indeed, no little skill and nerve were requisite to prevent the sleds from upsetting and spilling their freight when swiftly rounding the sharp curve from the street to the slip.

Proceeding up Albany street on the right, the first house to be encountered was the "Bell Tavern," still standing, then kept by Smith Freeman. Here was the booking office of some of the stage lines, under the supervision of Robert Ross. And here I remember to have shaken hands with General Lafayette in 1824-25, when he paid his last visit to our country, and, a little later, with John Quincy Adams, when he was a candidate for the presidency. Next to this was the residence of Major James C. Van Dyke and his sister Miss Lydia, still standing, in former times the residence and the store of their father Frederick Van Dyke, for the sale of dry goods, groceries and other supplies, the later having been closed before my time and converted into a lumber-room. In front of their residence, then as now, was the old pump in the street, famous in those days as the "Tea-water Pump." Then came quite an ancient house, built with the gable end toward the street, by whom originally occupied I cannot say, but in 1825 tenanted by Anthony McDede, one of the first among the Irish settlers in our town. He pursued the occupation of a laborer, was an adept in digging wells, pump holes, and cellars; and at the same time furnished board and lodging to a humble class of wayfarers, chiefly of his own nationality. A part of the upper story of this house was occupied by Eunice Reasener, ("Old

Aunt Eunice," as she was commonly known), a free negress of very large stature, who enjoyed the reputation of being a fortune teller, and was considerably patronized by the credulous, by whom she was regarded with a good deal of awe—both white and black, old and young, plebian and quality. To me, she always seemed a kind-hearted, genial, and hospitable old soul, the pink of neatness and cleanliness, and the maker of most toothsome "cookies." She prided herself greatly on the superstitious reverence, or perhaps I should say apprehension, in which she was held by the great body of her own race. In connection with her it is related, that one of our old and aristocratic townsmen married a lady of Savannah, Georgia; and having brought his bride and her sister from their southern home to reside here, he one day chanced to be on a visit to New York, when he met the skipper of a coasting vessel, who informed him that he had a consignment for him on his vessel. "A consignment for me!" ejaculated our townsman, "You must be mistaken, I have not ordered anything to be shipped to me from your way." "Come and see," responded the skipper, whereupon the two repaired to the vessel, where the skipper pointed out to our astonished fellow-citizen a sturdy negro woman and her brood of youngsters male and female, one of them being Eunice, then a strapping young girl. It seems that the woman had been the slave and house servant of the father of our townsman's bride, but that she had always been the special attendant of the young lady and her sister, and had regarded herself as their special property. After the young lady married and went north with her sister, the woman yearned for her young mistresses; and at length took her young brood on board ship with her, paid the fare, and had the lot consigned to her young mistress's husband. On being questioned, she said she was her young Missus'es nigger, and couldn't live away from her. I need hardly say they were heartily welcomed by the young ladies. Adjoining the property just noted was a small frame house that was occupied by James Ryno the barber, [generally known as "Emperor" Ryno] for his family residence, with the exception of the front room on the ground floor, which was occupied by the late excellent Wil-

liam Lupp as his watchmaker and silversmith shop—whose familiar figure, I have no doubt some of our older citizens will recall, as he marched daily, morning and evening, between his shop and his residence farther up Albany street, with his little trunk of valuables under his arm. We have now reached the White Hall Tavern, then as now on the N.E. corner of Albany street and Peace street, kept in the revolutionary and post-revolutionary times by Nehemiah Vernon;[34] in 1825 by Nathan Dunn; and a few years later by Vroom Nevius. This was the hostelry where the mail coaches running between New York and Philadelphia, stopped to change drivers and horses. and where their passengers dined. It was a popular tavern, but about this time had fallen somewhat into ill-repute, as the place where some of our young bloods had been fleeced out of their money and other property by some older and more experienced gamblers than themselves, whose names I shall reserve, but who afterwards became eminently pious, without however, ever having made any restitution of their ill-gotten gains.

(To be continued)

THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS IN NORTH CAROLINA

As Seen Through the Eyes of a New Jersey Soldier

Private Edmund J. Cleveland, Co. K, Ninth N. J. Volunteers

Part II

January 1, 1863—June 6, 1863

Edited by Edmund J. Cleveland, Jr.

(Editor's Note: This completes the excerpt from the Civil War diary begun in the April Number of the *"Proceedings"* and constitutes the fifth of a series, the first of which appeared in January, 1948.)

Soon after his return to New Bern from the Goldsboro Expedition (December 11-December 22, 1862), Major General John G. Foster was called to Washington. Here he re-

[34] Washington Irving makes the following brief reference to Vernon and his tavern, in Salmagundi, under date of Feb. 24, 1807: "Vernon's Tavern—fine place to sleep if the noise would let you—another Caliban—Vernon *slew*-eyed—people of Brunswick, of course, all squint."

mained a week in consultation with the authorities. When he returned to his command, he had important instructions. First, his troops with added re-enforcements were to be organized into the Eighteenth Corps. Second, when this was accomplished, they were to be taken by transport to the Cape Fear River to launch an attack on Wilmington, N. C.

During the last week of January 1863, while the troops were embarking at Beaufort, N. C., word came that the far-famed "Monitor" had foundered at sea. The loss of this iron-clad, at that particular time, forced the abandonment of the projected attack. But other plans were put into effect immediately.

General Foster was ordered to take his troops to Hilton Head, S. C. There he was to co-operate with Rear Admiral Samuel F. Dupont, in command of the naval units, and Major General David Hunter, in command of the land forces, already stationed in the vicinity. General Foster reached his destination February 2, 1863.

As General Foster had been a Captain of Engineers under Major Robert Anderson when Fort Sumter fell, April 13, 1861, he was more or less familiar with the defenses of Charleston. After preliminary reconnaissances, the troops landed on St. Helena Island, thirty odd miles southeast of Charleston, on February 9.

(NOTE. "Lincoln corrected Stanton as to a date, the date the war began. 'I feel quite confident that Sumter fell on the 13th, not on the 14th of April, as you have it. It fell on Saturday, the 13th; the first call for troops on our part was got up on Sunday, the 14th, and given date and issued on Monday, the 15th. Look up the old almanac and other data, and see if I am not right.' which Stanton did, and the new date was ordered, though again later changed to April 14." *Abraham Lincoln—The War Years.* By Carl Sandburg. Vol. IV. Pages 155-6).

As Admiral Dupont said that he could not get things ready for an attack under two weeks, General Foster with some members of his staff set sail for Fortress Monroe. His pur-

pose was to get additional heavy artillery. No sooner was he off than General Hunter issued orders consolidating the Eighteenth with the Tenth Corps, thus bringing all troops under his sole command.

At once a tense situation was created. The Chief of Staff of the Army, Major General Henry W. Halleck, tried to straighten out matters. He offered General Foster the option to take command of his own troops. But the latter declined. He preferred and received the assignment to take charge of the Department of North Carolina with headquarters at New Bern.

This "private war" between two high-ranking officers had many ramifications and largely accounted for the failure of the entire expedition. The only direct move made against Charleston was the futile naval attack on April 7, 1863.

In the early spring of this same year, the Confederate government decided to attempt the recapture of the areas held by the Federals in Southern Virginia and North Carolina. Lt. General James Longstreet was given the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, with headquarters at Petersburg, Va. Major General David H. Hill was assigned as his field commander, with headquarters at Goldsboro, N.C.

General Hill's first offensive was aimed at New Bern. It began on March 13. The next day, the first anniversary of the capture of the town by Burnside's army, Brig. Gen. James J. Pettigrew with a considerable force attacked a fort on the north side of the Neuse River opposite New Bern. But was met with stiff resistance from the 92nd N.Y., which held the fort, and heavy fire from Union gunboats in the river. He was finally driven off and the attack failed completely. The next move of the Confederate commander was against Little Washington on the Tar River. It was held by a Union garrison of 1,200 men. Sensing that an attack was to be made, General Foster went to the place, arriving on March 30, and took over the command of the garrison. The very next day General Hill, with a force several times larger, started to invest

the position. The siege had continued for two weeks, when General Foster sent word to New Bern for help. But as confusion reigned among the officers left in charge, no relief was forthcoming. Then General Foster decided that the only way out was to raise the siege. So he put himself at the head of a column of soldiers, boarded transports, and ran the blockade of besieging batteries. This plan, which was carried out on April 13, was completely successful.

In the meantime, news of the siege reached General Hunter at Hilton Head. He ordered General Heckman to go to the relief of General Foster. The transports left the very day that the latter had broken out from Little Washington. General Heckman reached New Bern in time for some of his troops to form part of the column which met General Foster and his force on their return. By that time General Hill and the Confederate Army had withdrawn, and the siege of Little Washington was over.

This was the last event of military importance to occur in this area for many months. Troops, in large numbers, were moved elsewhere. Those which were left behind were sufficient only to hold certain points which were strongly fortified. From time to time small expeditions were sent out to get military intelligence and harass the enemy rather than to gain any strategic objective. Not until the end of 1864 and the beginning of 1865 was North Carolina to be again the scene of major operations.

THE SOLDIER

Members of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, including Ed Cleveland, had hardly a month's rest, in and around New Bern, after the Goldsboro Expedition. On January 20, 1863, the regiment boarded transports at Beaufort, N.C. After waiting more than a week the fleet set sail for South Carolina, and arrived at Port Royal on January 31. A few days later they disembarked and were soon encamped on pleasant St. Helena Island. Here they remained for the next two months, spend-

ing most of the time drilling in all sorts and kinds of formations.

On April 4, the regiment again boarded transports which took them to North Edisto River, within fifteen miles of Charleston. The day after their arrival, a report was received that the Confederates were preparing to float fire-ships down the river. Companies I and K were detailed to land on Edisto Island and make a reconnaissance. The mission was carried out. There was found no evidence of fire boats in the vicinity.

During the naval attack on the Charleston defences, April 7, members of the Ninth New Jersey could hear the distant artillery fire. A few days later, some of the battered monitors which had taken part in the engagement, came to anchor in the river near them.

The Star Brigade, under General Heckman, left South Carolina on April 13. The Ninth New Jersey disembarked at Morehead City in Beaufort Harbor, three days later. With the exception of Company K. which was left at New Bern to clean up the barracks, the regiment set out with the relief column for Little Washington. On their return, the companies were assigned to the various stations in the vicinity of Bocue Sound and Carolina City. Except for three minor expeditions, the regiment had only garrison duty all summer.

Finally, on October 18, the entire Star Brigade was transferred to Newport News, Virginia. Immediately a campaign for re-enlistment began. The Ninth New Jersey became a veteran regiment.

On January 31, 1864, the regiment with most of its members, left Newport News on a thirty days' furlough to be spent in New Jersey. When they landed in Jersey City February 4, they were given a public banquet at Taylor's Hotel, "passing en route the mansion of Chancellor Zabriskie, the father of the Colonel of the regiment." That evening they left for Trenton and spent the night at a barracks near the Arsenal.

The next morning, bright and early, Governor Joel Parker visited the barracks and welcomed the regiment home. Soon

after, the members stored their arms and accoutrements, and, with orders to report back for duty on March 7, left for their own homes. The furlough was much appreciated and was the last long respite before the strenuous Virginia campaigns of 1864.

THE CAMPAIGNS AS SEEN BY THE SOLDIER

CAMP RENO, NEAR NEW BERN, N.C.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, JANUARY 1, 1863

Today is New Year's, and a fine day, too. Nothing of an extraordinary kind has happened, save the omission of the usual drills. A large number of our regiment went to New Bern today. I wanted to go but failed to obtain a pass.

Many troops arrived there today. The pickets were driven in last night. It is reported that General Evans is about to attack us with a large force.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2

This morning a detachment of 100 men of the Ninth went to New Bern to receive a beautiful stand of colors, presented by the State of New Jersey. I succeeded in procuring a pass and have been in town all day. The presentation took place at the Headquarters of General Heckman.

The colors were then paraded through the streets, behind a band. They were exhibited at his headquarters to General Foster and staff, as were also the old colors. The general "eyed" the stands, with admiration ,for the beauty of the new colors, and respect for the honorable scars, the bullet holes and shell takes in the old ones.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4

The 27th Massachusetts boarded vessels today for Little Washington, N.C. Our boys procured many boards from their vacated camp.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5

This afternoon the 3rd Brigade was reviewed by General (Henry M.) Naglee. The Brigade now consists of the following regiments in line of battle formation: 8th Regiment Massa-

chusetts Volunteer Militia, 9th New Jersey, 23rd Massachusetts, 3rd Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

More troops arrived at New Bern today. They came by the North Carolina and Atlantic R. R.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6

It is very rainy and I am on guard today. It is supposed that we are to go on another expedition. Each man is ordered to take two pairs of stockings and one pair of shoes, and an orderly took down the names of all who wanted them.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7

Battalion drill this afternoon. No more heard about the coming march, although Lt. Townley remarked that we would soon be setting out for Wilmington.

My box from home arrived today. It contained cakes, doughnuts, crullers, pickled oysters, pickled onions, preserved pears, head cheese, ham, apples, etc., also a letter from mother. We will have a fine supper tonight.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8

Eating so many sweet things last evening, I am not feeling very well this morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10

Very stormy tonight. Five sharpshooters from each company were detailed for special duty today. Their destination is not known. I feel better today.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12

We have just received orders to pack knapsacks and to hold ourselves in readiness for transportation to Carolina City by nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14

Camp Heckman, Carolina City

We arrived here yesterday morning with our camp equipage, etc. Soon after we reached camp another man and myself were ordered to go to General Heckman's headquarters. Nine of our regiment were detailed as brigade guard.

Our camp is near the shore of Bogue Sound where the boys

found a plentiful supply of clams and oysters. I did my washing there this afternoon.

Orders were read at dress parade instructing the commissaries to be ready to cook five days' rations at a moment's notice.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16

At dress parade this evening another order was read instructing the regimental commissaries to draw fifteen days' rations from the division commissary and place them aboard the transports. That looks as though we were going to move soon.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18

Last evening at dress parade it was announced that Lt. Col. Zabriskie was promoted colonel to command our regiment and Major Stewart was promoted Lt. Colonel in his place.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19

The commissaries were busy cooking rations this afternoon and evening. It is expected that we will certainly board the vessels tomorrow. The "Key West," a large mail boat arrived today. I hope that I get some letters before we go.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21

Off Morehead City, On Board Steamer "Curlew"

Reveille sounded at five o'clock yesterday morning. As soon as we had breakfast, we were ordered to strike our tents and stow away three days' rations in our haversacks. We then made a tiresome march to Morehead City. Our knapsacks grew very heavy before we reached there. We halted at the railroad depot for a couple of hours. Then we marched to the docks. Cos. D, G, H & K were placed on the little steamer, "Union," known to the boys as "The Wheelbarrow." This boat transferred us to "The Curlew." Our accommodations are a litle less than miserable. Notwithstanding the inconveniences and difficulties, the boys are in excellent spirits.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22

Off Fort Macon, On Board Steamer "Curlew"

Early this morning we were aroused by the startling news that the steamer "Baltimore" anchored near us was on fire.

The boys turned out and rendered what help they could. Fortunately the fire was put out before it made much progress.

At ten o'clock our vessel got up steam and moved to its present position. All the vessels of the expedition have red flags with numbers on them. We are Number 5. "The Lost Children of New York" (81st N.Y.) are on a transport near us. The mail steamer "Chanaba" ran aground near Morehead, but was pulled off by a small propeller, and is now ahead of us.

We had clean soap today, for the first time since coming aboard.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23

This afternoon the boys were entertained by two of their number who performed with a violin and tambourine. Lt. Townley's colored servant, Larry, also favored with several songs suited to the occasion.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24

A large number of vessels arrived at Fort Macon today.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25

Our first Sunday aboard this vessel has been spent in a dull manner. I myself have been reading "The True Flag" and looking through a package of old letters. Many of the boys have been playing cards and dominoes. The boys were much amused this evening by hearing the buglers and drummers of "The Lost Children" playing in concert.

MONDAY, JANUARY 26

A very pleasant day. Some of the boys purchased barrels of apples at the sutler's shop and are speculating with them.

I took out my rifle this afternon, and cleaned and oiled it. It is in very good condition.

We had tea for the first time this evening. Complaints are being made that the "Genus Pediculus" have made their appearance among the members of the company.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27

Chilly and windy today. Wm. Gale, now a surgeon on the U.S.S. "Monticello", came on board this morning. He remained with us nearly all day. Ben Gale accompanied him back to the gunboat late this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28

A stormy and blowy day. I am on guard at Post No. 4, the bleakest part of the deck near the stern. This evening the steamer "T. F. Secor," with General Naglee passed us. A vessel nearby had a flag hoisted with union down—the signal of distress. A small vessel visited her but I have not learned what was the trouble. All day long, there has been considerable signalling among the vessels.

As far as we can see the ocean is covered with foam-crested waves.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29

This morning it was so wintry that few ventured to wash or shake their blankets. Orders to sail came at noon. I was writing letters at the time. Preceded by several schooners we passed out by Fort Macon and turned in a southerly direction. The vessel rocked and plunged so much that it was difficult to keep on one's feet. Many were sea-sick. Yet the scene was glorious when the sun disappeared below the horizon, behind a line of full rigged schooners.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31

Yesterday I awoke with the avowed attention of getting some breakfast. When I got as far as the cook house in the bow, I was seized with a sudden sensation of dizziness and faintness. The pitching of the boat and the suffocating air were too much for me. I was glad to make my way as fast as possible through Gangway No. 2 to the hatchway. I went on deck and the fresh air revived me. I spent the greater part of the day watching the water. The prow of the vessel would strike a wave and send a shower of sparkling diamonds high in the air.

Early this morning—at 4:00 a.m.—we were aroused by the bang of the cannon. Imagining that we had been trapped by the notable ram "No. 290," many rushed on deck. We found out, however, that we had been visited by a couple of U. S. gunboats of the blockading squadron. When it had been explained who they were, an officer informed us that the day before the U. S. Monitor, "Montauk," had sunk the rebel

ram, "Nashville," off Savannah, Ga., and had burned part of the city.

A calm now prevails. The sea is as smooth as a mill pond. It is supposed that we are now being piloted into Port Royal harbor.

EVENING

We are now quietly anchored off Port Royal. We entered the harbor at noon. When the harbor master came alongside members of Co. K discovered that he was no less a person than John King, formerly of Elizabeth. He was given a warm welcome by the boys.

As we lay here, before us is the shore, with a long line of woods skirting the edge of the water. Behind us is Fort Beauregard, so called when held by the rebels. Nearby are several ironclads and gunboats. To our left, lies a little town, consisting of many barracks for soldiers, and a few houses.

The vessel bearing the right wing of the regiment has anchored near us. General Heckman passed in a row boat and was cheered by the men. It is said that a negro brigade is quartered at Port Royal. The boys do not seem to like the idea of fighting along side of the colored gentlemen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Today has been moderately pleasant. I was detailed on ship police but my services were not required, for Ben Gale was the corporal in charge.

We had divine service on deck this afternoon. Chaplain Carroll preached for us. His sermon was eloquent and was listened to with great interest.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2

This morning we were ordered to roll our blankets and put them on our knapsacks. It was said that we would go ashore, taking all our things with us. We sailed close to Fort Beauregard and met the "Key West" going back to her anchorage. The right wing were unable to land, so we also returned to our former position. We may go ashore on St. Helena Island tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4

It has been so cold today that the boys have made an exception of the usual practice of blanket sharing. I have been in a shiver all day long. Ford, Sergt. Wright and I tried to play dominoes but our hands became so numb we could not hold the pieces. Most of the day I have been in my bunk, rolled up in a blanket.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5

The "Curlew" took on a quantity of condensed salt water from a vessel which came alongside.

I repacked my knapsack and sold my boots to Ben Gale.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6

This morning it was announced that the Monitor "Naugatuck" was coming toward us. There was a general stampede to the deck. We saw the vessel about a quarter of a mile away. About all that was visible above the water line were the turret and smoke stack. The upper part of the vessel was apparently covered with canvass. There were several sailors on deck.

This afternoon Corp. Parkhurst, George Townley and myself made a complete set of dominoes out of a tea box. Decker of Co. H saw us playing with them, and offered to loan us a better set. We accepted the offer, and played until a late hour in the evening.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, (Evening)

Negro Hut, St. Helena Island, S.C.

For a change, a very pleasant day. The first thing I did this morning was to fix the shirt I procured from Hamler, and to hang it and other articles of underclothing out to dry.

At about two o'clock this afternoon, "The Wheelbarrow" came alongside. We received orders to pack knapsacks and to stow ourselves aboard her as soon as possible. It was exhilirating news! Soon "The Wheelbarrow" landed us on the dock of this island. We formed line and marched to our camp, a half mile from the shore.

Peer and I walked around for a while, visiting the company of engineer corps who were working on the dock. On the way

we stopped at a negro shanty. The occupants, an old man, Robert, and his wife, Lucretia, said we could lodge there for the night. We went to camp and got our blankets, haversacks full of hard-tack and a supply of dry coffee. On our return, we found Larry, Lt. Townley's servant, in the shanty.

With some sugar bought from the sutler, we soon made a pot of hot coffee which we enjoyed with Robert and Lucretia. They said that it was the first cup of coffee they had had for a long time. Robert has been holding a lantern to give me light to write this diary. We are sorry that our comrades have to sleep in the open air, minus tents.

Our hut, like all in this vicinity, is made of oyster shells mixed with lime. Robert said that the huts are built by filling a large box with the curious mixture and allowing this to harden. The box is removed and refilled and placed on the first block. The process is repeated until the walls are erected. Robert thinks we are "fust rate" and is glad to have us in his little home. A member of Co. D has joined us.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8

We awoke rather early this morning. We went back to camp but returned to our place of refuge after we received a ration of coffee. We bought a dozen eggs from Robert which he kindly fried for us. These with hard-tack and coffee made a feast to tintitulate our pallets.

After finishing this, Peer and I strolled down to the dock. The engineers are driving more piles every day. When the dock is all built, it will transform the appearance of this island. I should not be surprised if in the future it became a port and business center for the whole island.

The palmetto grows luxuriantly everywhere. The wood is spongey making it excellent material with which to build breastworks. The board leaves are often used for fans. A full grown tree looks like a large carrot.

On our way back, Bill Doran joined us. We procured some excellent corn bread at a negro shanty. Peer is now reading from his Testament to two interested listeners, the old man and the old woman.

Our regiment is encamped near the family graveyard of the former owner of the plantation, Thomas Jenkins. Some of the boys have been sleeping on the graves. I consider this a desecration.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9

We again breakfasted on fried eggs. Last night, some miscreants broke into the old man's hen coop and extracted therefrom every solitary chicken. Such conduct is scandalous.

This morning I saw a grist mill worked by hand. Here all the negroes on the island grind their meal.

During the day we have heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Hilton Head. It is probably artillery practice.

This afternoon a number of regiments landed and are encamped near us. Guards have been stationed in the negro village to prevent disturbances.

A rabbit ran into camp and after being chased, was so frightened that it ran into the arms of one of the boys. We "bunk" outdoors tonight.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11

During the afternoon the right wing landed and the whole regiment was finally concentrated in camp. But the tents were not put up. So we had to bivouac for another night. Bill Doran, Peer and I procured some boards from the negro village. With these and our rubber blankets we made a small house in which we slept.

During the night, rascals from one of the New York regiments plundered the houses of the colored people. Not content with the robbery, they burned them down. For a while the hut of Robert and Lucretia was left standing alone. But I hear now that it is in ashes.

Roll was called in our regiment at the time. Those who did not answer to their names will have to account for their absence and answer to the charges of having part in the disturbance. It is said that a negro shot at one of the soldiers. The story is not authenticated.

Our tents are now all pitched and the camp is complete.

The boys today gave evidence of their disliking high prices by making a stampede on the sutler's stand at the wharf.

Today I ate a very sour orange. It grew on the island.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12

This morning I gave my rifle a good scouring and patched my blouse. All day long the men have been digging wells. Now there is a well for every three companies. Some of the wells have two barrels sunk in them (spring fashion) and some only one. The water is excellent. Too much praise cannot be given these impromptu springs.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13

This morning I was detailed on police to unload stores from one of the transports.

We had our first dress parade this evening. An order was read, which stated that all the re-enforcements recently arrived from North Carolina, including the division of General Naglee, were in the 10th Army Corps, under the command of General Hunter, except those at May Point.

Another order, this from General Heckman, was also read. It directed that no private or noncom could leave the camp unless he had a pass signed by the Commanding General. The same order is also applied to officers. Severe penalties would be imposed on anyone caught pillaging.

The men do not seem to like to be under General Hunter.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Before I could finish reading the letter I received his morning, I was ordered to join a detail of wood-choppers. We cut a big pile and then loaded it on to a wagon, and brought it to camp. When we arrived there it was raining very hard.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15

At dress parade this evening, another order from General Hunter was read. It prohibited any private or noncom from being away from camp except on duty. Severe punishment would be given to those who entered the island huts. On account of the recent outrages, the good names of all regiments have been affected. The innocent have to suffer with

the guilty. Drills are to be held every day at which rolls will be called. Any officer or enlisted man absent will be reported to Hilton Head. The men think that this is rather severe.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16

While I am writing this evening, the boys are raising quite a rumpus. Hooper has put on a false moustache which is exciting much merriment.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

We had coffee minus sugar for supper this evening. The boys were loud in their denunciation of it. We hope that we have sugar tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

It rained hard this morning but cleared off beautifully in the late afternoon. I have been playing "Muggins," "Bounce" and "Block" with other members of Tent No. 2.

At roll call this evening it was announced that we must hold ourselves in readiness for a review at 9:30 a.m. tomorrow.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19

This morning our regimental line was formed. Soon after we marched 2½ miles over a muddy road to a place where many other regiments were drawn up in line. I hear that there were three brigades altogether. It was indeed a grand scene. Several bands played stirring music. The 10,000 men present were reviewed by General Naglee.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Last evening the occupants of Tents No. 2 and No. 3 kept awake until a late hour by repeating riddles, joking and, finally, by just hallooing to one another. Captain Harris of Co. C, being disturbed by the noise, very authoritatively commanded us to "shut up" with a threat to report us to the officer of the day. Some of the boys not recognizing his right to order us around "sassed him back," whereas Capt. Harris reported us to Lt. Townley who summoned us to his tent. He asked who had "used the offensive language" but no one "let on." The dignified captain, not satisfied, reported the affair to the Colonel who ordered us to drill this afternoon for two

hours. The boys protested by not performing their maneuvres in good style.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21

This afternoon, I saw Lt. Moffet while on guard. He said that "he had lived in places which he liked much better than this."

During the evening we heard volleys of musketry which were being fired over the grave of one of the members of a neighboring regiment. Poor fellow he sleeps his last sleep in a land which he never expected to see.

At dress parade an order was read from General Heckman directing us, in future, to appear at brigade guard mount with shoes shined, aud our clothes, equipment and guns in "an extra polished condition." The boys do not like this, arguing that Uncle Sam does not furnish shoe blacking and they have no money to buy any, and some, through no fault of theirs, have shabby uniforms.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Washington's Birthday. It has been an eventless day. The ships, in honor of the anniversary, had their masts plentiously decorated with streams of national colors and all kinds of signal flags, presenting a gorgeous spectacle. Guns would have been fired, I suppose, if it had not been the Sabbath.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23

At noon-time the gunboats and frigates in the harbor fired their cannon many times. These were delayed salutes in honor of Washington's Birthday.

Lt. Townley kindly presented each man today with a box of shoe blacking, accompanying the gift with the request that we keep our shoes polished for dress parade.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24

At 10:30 a.m. we were in readiness for a general inspection and a review, announced at roll call. Cos. F and G were consolidated with other companies, making our regiment one of only eight companies. Our brigade held the extreme right,

and our colonel was acting brigadier general. There were five brigades in all with 10,000 troops on the field.

General Hunter reviewed us, passing in front of every regiment. He is a fine-looking, stout-built, middle-aged man with a black moustache. General Heckman with staff accompanied him part of the way and General Naglee all the way during the review. It was a magnificent scene!

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

A very pleasant day. Some of us succeeded in securing passes. We went beyond the lines and procured some excellent straw. We cleaned the old straw from our tents and buried it in the company street. Then we levelled the floor of the tent with fresh earth and covered it with the new straw and put our things back in their places.

Hitherto Peer and I have been reposing on boards. Now we will sleep on straw which is some degrees softer. Tonight our tent smells sweeter than it has for a long time.

During the course of our little expedition we passed a "Bogus Grave" near the camp of "The Lost Children." On the headboard was the inscription: "Here Lies the Paymaster." Around the grave was a border made of pieces of old hard-tack. At the foot two old boots protruded from the ground. Whether or not this will hasten the appearance of the veritable paymaster remains to be seen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26

At dress parade today, it was announced that we are to be mustered for pay tomorrow. Our company began signing payrolls tonight. What is even more surprising, we are to have fresh meat and vegetables twice a week.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27

We were paid today.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28

This, the last day of winter, has been spent by my humble self in a very laborious manner. Together with Brown, Berry and Crowell, I was detailed to "wood police" duty.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

Balmy spring was ushered in with flattering prospects for the birth time season of vegetables.

MONDAY, MARCH 2

Today, in my leisure moments, I have been busy writing letters.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3

I was detailed guard supernumerary today.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

For a long time last evening, there was heard a heavy bombardment in the direction of Savannah. Before dawn this morning, there was a glow in the sky in the same quarter. Evidently some sort of an attack is being made.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5

At dress parade today, General Naglee's farewell address was read. He urged us to do our duty toward our country faithfully. Though brief, the address was a document of no little interest. Lt. Townley promised to procure a copy for me. General Naglee is being ordered elsewhere.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6

Sharpshooters practised this morning. The target, which is well punctured, is on exhibition at the colonel's tent. Several of the shots were fired by the Lieutenant Colonel. The shot which hit the bull's eye was fired by a member of Co. F.

The 24th Massachusetts were drilling at the same time we were today. They excited our merriment by a disorderly charge they made.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

It is not a very pleasant day. This morning I gave my rifle a good cleaning. The sharpshooters were out again. This time their target was the figure of a soldier labelled C.S.A. The poor fellow was well peppered! Steve Crane of our company made the best score. He put five bullets in the target, all the shots he fired.

I heard a surgeon say that of all the shots fired, not more than a dozen would have taken effect.

An order from General Hunter was read at dress parade this evening. On the whole, he praised us for the part we played in the North Carolina Campaigns. But he also stated that any officer who in time of danger shirks his duty is guilty of treason and should be succeeded by a private who distinguishes himself. A very good idea surely!

SUNDAY, MARCH 8

My headache is gone. This morning a wagon came into camp laden with that rarity—fresh bread. It is the first we have received since coming here. Bakers were detailed from our regiment to go to Hilton Head and this is their first production.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10

It has been an eventful day in camp. Mr. Lewis B. Stearns (father of Corp. J. Quincy Stearns) arrived in camp. He started from New York on Thursday last. I believe that he is to superintend one of the Government Plantations on the island.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11

Today I wrote a letter to one of my faithful correspondents, enclosing some wild flowers and lemon leaves.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12

At brigade guard mount this morning it was announced that the two from each regiment, who presented the most cleanly appearance, would be given passes to go to Hilton Head whenever they pleased. This is quite an inducement to fix up for guard mount.

No battalion drill or dress parade today. On the parade ground of the 23rd Mass., I noticed two men in stocks who were doubtless being punished for some offence.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13

Last night was one of the most cheerless I have ever experienced. We were allowed to remain in quarters until 11 p.m. when we were ordered to the rather airy guard-house. The chilly wind blew right through the place. Having failed to bring my blanket I stretched out under an old tent near my two companions. Hardly had I fallen into a shivering sleep

when someone shouted, "Turn out the guard. The grand rounds approach." This was at midnight. After this I was so cold that it was no comfort lying down. So I spent about an hour pacing to and fro in the wind, listening to the talk from the smoke-filled officers' tent. At last nature demanded that I again repose. I made myself as comfortable as possible under an old tent, and shivered in my sleep until morning.

This morning William Rudy with a companion of the 81st N. Y. paid me a visit.

Later Cadmus returned from Port Royal with the report that the rebels last evening pounced upon one of our picket posts, capturing a lieutenant of the Signal Corps and eight men. The long roll was beaten and a regiment sent to pursue the enemy, but they did not rescue the captured men.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14

Last evening some members of the 6th Conn. came here to visit Terrill who had a brother among the number. They serenaded Lt. Townley and then proceeded to the Colonel's tent where they sang several times. The Colonel thanked them. They then went to the sutler's tent where there was a "parcel" of officers. After that they visited the Lt. Colonel and the Major and sang several times. They intended to serenade Gen. Heckman but refrained when they learned that he was not feeling well.

Their music was passable but the camp was kept awake until a late hour. The boys did not like the whole affair. They said that the serenaders were only "singing for the whiskey."

SUNDAY, MARCH 15

It was announced at roll call this morning that Lt. Townley would excuse from all duties, excepting drill, the man who at inspection made the best appearance in regard to cleanliness of guns, clothing and equipment. S. N. Terrill was the fortunate party, although it was thought that he was not the "best example" present.

MONDAY, MARCH 16

At battalion drill we had several terrific charges. The men made so much noise that when the drum signalled for us to

halt, we could hardly hear it. The Lt. Colonel enjoyed the sport and laughed heartily. We attracted attention from neighboring camps.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17

All day long I have been detailed on police, levelling the parade ground. It was hard work and I got my hands blistered.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

Last night I visited Ben Gale. Lt. Elbertson and Corp. Champion were with him. The four of us formed a quartette and had a good sing together.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19

All day long it has been gloomy and windy. The sand has been flying around at a great rate.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20

Another gloomy day with occasional showers. At battalion drill we formed a square on the full march. During this maneuvre several members of Co. C did not behave properly. They received some extra drill as a punishment.

Tunis Peer and Bob Williams are making sets of chess men. Among the boys, chess is fast becoming the "fashionable game."

SATURDAY, MARCH 21

All day long it has rained. We have stuck to our tents to escape the chilling flood. No dress parade.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

A very beautiful day. An order came to prepare for inspection at 10:00 a.m. But through the Chaplain pleading with the General the order was changed to attend divine service.

At dress parade, an order was read with the purpose to make the kitchens more tidy. Each company kitchen is in an 18 foot square. This space is to be surrounded by a hedge, four feet high. When the work is done, the camp will be much more attractive.

MONDAY, MARCH 23

This morning all of Co. K marched to the woods. Each member came back laden with leafy brush. With these we

made a hedge enclosing our kitchen. The entrances are very prettily arched over. Other companies have been doing the same thing. But I hear that ours and Co. E's enclosures outshine all the rest.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24

This afternoon a number of us from Co. K went to the woods again and returned laden with leafy brush. We fixed up a nice hedge in front of Lt. Townley's tent. All of our tents, with the exception of "No. 2" now have arches in front of them.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25

Today I was on the wood detail. Later I went back to camp to get a canteen of water. When I returned to the detail the boys told me that they had just escaped being hit by a rifle ball from some careless sharpshooter engaged in target practice.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26

Before 8 o'clock this morning, Conroy, Moran and myself were off to the wood pits. We waited there until William Townley and Sam Murray came down with the wagon which we loaded. I collected a number of leaves and flowers. I also procured some curious pieces of palmetto bark which resemble sole leather.

Yesterday some of the boys of the 10th Conn. killed an alligator about five feet long. They cut up the creature's skin for relics.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27

We had brigade drill this afternoon. Several charges were made during which the boys exercised their lungs to the fullest extent.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

This morning I gave my rifle a good scouring.

Near the shore today, I saw a monitor with two turrets. It is called a turtle ram.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29

Right away after roll call this morning, it commenced raining and has continued all day long. By stripping and

washing out in the rain, I had a good shower bath this morning.

The roof of the tent leaks so that the interior of our domicile looks like an alligator's den.

Great expectation of the paymaster coming tomorrow.

MONDAY, MARCH 30

The long-expected paymaster arrived before noon and immediately began paying off the men. Co. K was the last to be paid. We received four months' pay.

The boys of Tent No. 2 are jubilant this evening. The stove is in danger of being upset. One of my companions is rejoicing in a plug of navy tobacco.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

Last night at eleven o'clock, much to our surprise, the corporal of the guard summoned us to the guard-house. We were not to go on guard until 3:00 a.m., and had to wait in the windy place until the "grand rounds" came. When this happened, the brigade officer of the day ordered us to our quarters, saying that the guard-house was not fit for one to stay in during wind and rain. We went guard at the appointed time.

At battalion drill the abilities of the officers were severely tested. In place of the captains the orderly sergeants took charge of the companies. It was a good experience for the non-coms who did very well. Some of the maneuvres, however, excited the merriment of the officers.

There is a rumour afloat that we are to go to Washington, D.C.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

All Fools' Day. Many of the boys were "sold" by being sent to the Lieutenant's tent, who had not required their presence.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

Last evening some of the boys experienced an exhilaration of spirits, as a consequence of drinking rather freely of "Drake's Plantation Bitters." Everyone of the jolly crew declared that the beverage produces "sweet sensations of the

mind." How the "Bitters" found their way into camp nobody knows.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

On Board U. S. Steamer "Key West', Off St. Helena Island

Wm. Doran and myself took a walk around the camp in the silvery moonlight.

This morning, before company drill, Peer, Doran, and myself went after some fresh straw. Peer procured a pass for the three of us. On our return we were surprised to learn that our regiment was under moving orders. Though we were directed to strike tents, we decided to enjoy our well-earned bed for one night. But adverse fortune prevented. We had to get underway at once. A few of us were ordered to take down the lieutenant's tent. Then I was put on a detail to proceed to the wharf, fully equipped. We stacked arms near the shore end of the wharf and soon were lugging camp equipage, commissary stores, etc., on board the "Key West."

After the work on the wharf was finished we were ordered on board. I was assigned to a place in the hold where I handled numerous greasy boxes of hard-tack. When I came up on deck I found there were seven companies on the wharf, all standing in the rain. Soon an officer ordered them to board the vessel. After a while, the boys were allowed to go to their bunks. We secured one in the lower tier near the hatchway. My bunk mates are Hoover, Peer and Doran.

While I write the candle is stuck on the partition between our bunk and our neighbor's. My book is lying on Peer's "bread-basket" which I find to be a very passable desk.

Since I commenced writing the vessel has left the wharf and anchored in the harbor. The remaining companies of our regiment will be put on a schooner in the morning, that vessel to be taken in tow by us. Naturally we think our destination is Charleston. Four days' rations have been cooked.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

Today our Lieutenant spoiled a game of "Loo" by walking off with the "dummy" and the stakes which amounted to $2.00.

But this did not discourage the boys. While I am writing, four are playing cards, sure signs of human nature.

Twice today we received good coffee.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

Before seven o'clock this morning, we were awakened by the hoisting of the anchor. Now we are many miles from Port Royal on our way toward Charleston. A barge bearing the left wing is being towed by us. Only a half dozen vessels are visible. Four of them belong to our fleet. The day is beautiful. The rays of Old Sol cause the water to glisten like thousands of diamonds. No land in sight. I heard an officer say that we would not land before tomorrow noon.

EVENING, APRIL 5

We have just anchored off the mouth of North Edisto River, between Stone Island and North Edisto Island. The lights of the fleet can be seen as far as the eye can reach. Many camp fires are burning among the trees on the shore. Suppose we will land in the morning.

MONDAY, APRIL 6

This morning we have a fine view of the scenery hereabout. On the left hand shore are the camps of several regiments, a signal station, and the houses of a small village. On the right hand shore, there are woods. Among the trees can be seen the roof of what was supposed to be a rebel picket house. Some of the boys imagined that they saw a half mile off troops preparing to attack. The impression has been so strong that extra guards have been put on tonight, Peer among the number.

A fire raft is expected to come down the river tonight. I heard from Fred Prager of Co. B that a volunteer who would succeed in burning a bridge a few miles from here would be given a commission and $3,000.00. I do not know Fred's authority for saying this. Fred also learned that six hours grace was given the enemy at Charleston to surrender will expire tomorrow noon. Then, if they refuse, the bombardment of Fort Sumter will begin.

Our boys are buying small pies at 50¢ each from the cook on this boat.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7

Immediately after breakfast I was detailed with Conroy on water police. Soon we were busily engaged in bringing up on deck more than three barrels of water. It reminded me of the way they used to put out fires in Jersey with leather buckets.

A squad of men landed on the left shore of the river and went within a few rods of the village. For the first time I noticed a church spire among the houses.

This evening the little steamer, "Henrietta Weed" anchored near the signal station. Capt. Huffy, Lt. Bowring and the mate went out to it in a small boat. They brought back the news that the bombardment had commenced at 2:00 p.m.

A soldier was taken very sick today. He lies in his bunk which is near mine on deck. The surgeon has been bleeding him.

No more is said about the rebs on shore firing at us, although the chaplain told Peer while on guard this morning that it is a wonder they had not done so.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8

About 9:00 a.m. the steamer, "Nellie Bly" passed closely by us. A voice from the vessel hallooed that the magazine on Sullivan's Island had been exploded by our iron clads, that the bombardment of Charleston had commenced yesterday at 2:00 p.m. and lasted until 5:00 p.m. The monitors "Nahant" and "Keokok" were slightly injured about their decks and had drawn off for repairs. The attack was to be renewed today by the whole fleet—blockading squadron and all.

It is reported this evening that one of the monitors has been sunk.

As I have been writing this on the hurricane deck, the band of one of the regiments on shore has been playing, accompanied by the occasional cheering of the men. I cannot imagine the cause of the extra flow of spirits.

(Note. The attack on Charleston on April 7, 1863, was made by the "Ironsides" and eight monitors. The intention was to pass Fort Sumter, break through the obstructions and attack from the inner harbor. Unable to pass the obstructions

the fleet was compelled to attack in front. The result was that, after a short engagement, the fleet withdrew. Five out of the eight monitors were badly damaged. One, the "Keokuk," sank outside the harbor and was abandoned. Nothing was accomplished except to show that Charleston was in no danger of being taken by the available Federal naval forces. The enemy losses were three killed and a dozen wounded. The damage to Fort Sumter was trifling. The Confederates fished up two 11 in. Dahlgren cannon from the wreck of the "Keokuk" and gained further confidence to repel Union attacks.)

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

This morning we were aroused by the noise of water being taken aboard from a schooner fast to our side. Coming on deck I was surprised to discover a couple of launches on the other side of our boat.

Before we could get our coffee, orders came for Companies I and K to prepare for immediate transportation to the shore. Naturally we all fastened blankets to knapsacks but soon we took them off as directions came to prepare ourselves in light marching order. We were furnished twenty extra rounds of cartridges. We loaded our rifles and crowded into the two boats.

We followed a course to a point on the island on the right shore of the river. When about half way there we were startled by two reports from a mortar shelling the wood. Accompanying us were Surgeon Woodhull and the Adjutant.

As we landed many got their feet wet. Co. I was left to guard the boats and Co. K marched along the beach. After covering a short distance we came on a squad of marines drilling as heavy infantry. They wore chalked accoutrements. We stacked arms and lolled around until a small boat came ashore with Gen. Heckman and Gen. Stevenson, a marine captain in command of the fleet here, and a major.

We continued our march along the shore until we reached a whitewashed barrel on a pole, marking a road. Here was also an old battery position. From this branched out breast-

works several hundred yards long. For the entire distance was a row of blackened spiles, the obvious result of a large fire.

(The bugles are blowing tatto for the first time since our arrival here. As my head aches severely I shall postpone finishing today's record until tomorrow.)

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, MORNING

Last evening the lights were put out immediately after taps. Then the boys began to halloo their disapprobation. Kind Morpheus embraced me so that I was unconscious of the havoc. But at midnight I was aroused by a cry of "fall out" but immediately I sank into sleep again. This morning I learned the cause of the disturbance. A rather noisy fellow was conveyed on deck by the officers and tied up with hemp rope. Other men rushed up on deck and said they would cut loose their comrade. The officers said that they would shoot the first man who attempted to do this. Some of the men went below, they said, to get their rifles. But they did not carry out their threat and after awhile peace again reigned.

Now to proceed with the record. Gen. Heckman ordered us to go up the road a short distance, and then deploy as skirmishers on either side. We were accompanied by two marines with signal flags. The right platoon deployed and the left platoon followed the road more closely. We had gone about half a mile, forcing our way through briars, brush and vines—one of the wildest places I was ever in—when the order came to "rally on the centre." We had reached a place ornamented by a vivid frog pond.

After the company Sergt. Price with four files of the left platoon marched in front, acting as advance guard. We continued onward until we reached another open place where we could see a large well-built house. About fifty yards from the road was a huge pine tree, the top of which had been put off by a shell from the gunboats. The officers examined it carefully and pronounced it a good shot, for it had come about three miles.

We halted for a while. The officers watched the maneuvres of some "soldier crabs" and then we set out to return to the

shore. The General said that we might remain on the island until evening. On the return route I saw some pretty honey suckle which was gathered by the officers. I could not leave the ranks to get any. We returned to the beach but stacked arms in a hollow beside the road, one quarter of a mile from the shore.

A couple of men were detailed as pickets and stationed themselves a distance up the road. There we devoured the contents of our haversacks. After "grub" some picket posts were established by Lieut. Townley. He thought that the rebs might have heard something and sent a body of men to ascertain "what was up." Sergt. Wright sent me to shore to stand picket. I gathered some pretty leaves which I intend to send to correspondents.

After rambling in the woods for a little way, I stationed myself under a tree near an old well. While here I was surprised to hear a couple reports from cannon on a gunboat. Looking toward the water I saw the steamer "New England" coming in. Soon after Co. K came down the road and I joined them.

We had a fine drill on the beach as level and hard as a floor. After Company I had embarked on their boat we got on board ours. As we left I took a good look at the rebel barracks nearby which were in a rather dilapidated condition. Lt. Townley remarked, "The object of the expedition has been accomplished." After considerable pushing we got the boat off. When we arrived on board the steamer, we found the crew busy filling her tanks with water.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, AFTERNOON

A mail came aboard at 1:00 p.m. The anchor was weighed one half hour later. Soon we were on the broad Atlantic, having the same vessel in tow we brought here. Some of the boys "exposed their rations," being unable to "keep them in their depository."

A few minutes ago we dropped the schooner which was attached to us and took in tow the "City of Bath" who hoisted her flag, "Union Down." We supposed that we are bound for

Port Royal. No land in sight. While I am writing a raffle for a watch is going on. A big crow are watching the dice.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, EVENING

At dusk last evening the boys were much amused by the gyrations of a number of brown-backed fish which circled the vessel several times. Some said they were sharks. By the time the mate had got out his harpoons the fish had disappeared.

The flag-ship "Wabash" is ahead of us and many handsome gunboats nearby. The "Princess Royal" is not far distant. We are anchored off Port Royal.

The left wing of the regiment has already landed and the empty "Tillie" has just passed by. Several more heavily laden transports are coming in.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

A monitor anchored near us has a hole in the smoke stack. The turret has been so heavily hit that it cannot be moved.

A member of the engineer corps has just come aboard. He paddled out from shore in a dug-out canoe. He says that he was in the battle at Charleston, that Dupont sailed past Fort Sumter and made a breach in the wall, and that we are delayed here because of a dispute between Gen. Hunter and Gen. Seymour.

MONDAY, APRIL 13

While I was on deck on guard between 7:00 and 9:00 a.m., the monitor anchored near us sailed out and another came in. This one has also a hole through the smoke stack, and was dented with shell hits on the turret.

The "Wabash" early had lines of shirts, extending from stem to stern. It must have been wash-day on board. Later when Commodore Dupont came on board, the rigging was manned in honor of the event, presenting a pretty spectacle.

MONDAY, APRIL 13, AFTERNOON

We have anchored a few hundreds further out in the harbor. Before we moved, large quantities of figs, raisins, cakes, bread and butter were brought aboard and sold extensively.

When I went out on deck to post a letter I found that two

more monitors had come in, and soon four more followed them. All had their turrets battered and their railings smashed.

It is plain that we are now off for North Carolina. We weighed anchor at 2:00 p.m. We have sailed out still further and have made fast to the huge ship, "J. Morton." On board here are the 98th and 81st N.Y. and 23rd Mass.

MONDAY, APRIL 13—6:00 P.M.

We are now out on the Atlantic with the pilot tug "Trade Wind" of Norwich ahead and the "J. Morton" behind.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

Last night we were out on deck until a late hour, watching the silvery phosphorescent foam around our bows and fish playing in the water.

The vessels has been pitching and tossing all day long. While I write the engines have stopped and we are proceeding under sail.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

We came near running down a schooner which went across our bow. Fortunately a flash of lightning revealed the vessel to the man at the wheel just in time to avoid a collision. It was a rough night for the sailors, as the thunder roared, the lightning flashed and a heavy rain fell.

Our machinery has now been fixed and we are now under steam and sail. The vessel is still rocking violently, although the wind has fallen. The stove in the galley overturned, pouring a shower of coffee down upon us. Terrill got a supply of beans in his bunk by a barrel upsetting in the hold.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 4:30 P. M.

We have just come in sight of Cape Lookout lighthouse. We expect to be in Beaufort harbor tomorrow.

BEAUFORT HARBOR, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, NOON

This morning we were awakened with the announcement that Fort Macon was in sight.

We entered the harbor at 8:00 a.m. As we sailed around the Fort a party of soldiers on the landing halooed at us. We are anchored about one hundred yards off Morehead City

Depot, where the "United States" is now unloading her troops. In the shallow water near the railroad a number of contrabands are fishing with nets.

There are many vessels in the harbor. The pilot who brought us in said "The Wheelbarrow" was sunk in a storm off Wilmington but all the crew and passengers were saved. With knapsacks packed and rifles scoured up we are ready to disembark. The boys are jubilant and eager to go ashore.

LATER IN THE EVENING

As soon as the "United States" sailed off our vessel made fast to the dock. Co. K was detailed to unload baggage and supplies. All have been hard at work handling greasey barrels, boxes of ammunition, tents, rusty pipes, boxes of hard-tack, black kettles, etc. We were busy until 7:00 p.m. Some of the boys officiate at the trundles, wheeling out the boxes, etc., in good porter-like style.

Orders have just come to load a car with the goods to go to New Bern. We were all in the upper bunks on the "Key West" and hoped to spend the night there. We will have to give up the idea, and get to work instead of going to sleep.

BARRACKS IN NEW BERN, FRIDAY, APRIL 17

Last evening, we loaded almost all the camp equipage on the cars, and then squeezed ourselves on, leaving Sergt. Bryant and a guard in charge of remaining luggage. We stopped at Morehead City for the other six companies, and then sped on our way, showered with charcoal sparks from the locomotive. We reached New Bern at midnight, and marched to the barracks.

The bunks are excellent. I got into an upper one with Ed Swain as Tunis and Bill both got single ones. This morning I took a walk. There are enough barracks here to accommodate many regiments. All are well lighted and ventilated. Our barracks are between Fort Anderson and Fort Totten, in sight of the place where the enemy made the attack on March 14.

It is said that we are to go to Little Washington, N.C. Between here and there the rebs have established a barricade of batteries on the banks of the river. Gen. Foster ran these

the other night. Thirty-one shots hit his boat, one killing the pilot.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, EVENING

This morning I took a good wash. About 1:00 p.m. the whole of Co. K was put on guard with orders not to pass any member of our regiment. The line of sentries surrounded the whole barracks.

At 2:30 p.m. the six right companies fell in and marched away in light marching order with three days' rations in their haversacks. As soon as they were gone the guard was taken off.

This afternoon the three left companies landed, immediately secured their barracks, trimmed themselves in light marching order and followed the right wing. They justly thought this hard, having just come ashore.

It is said that there is a fight going on at Cove Creek, eight miles from here. We could hear the cannonading all day long. The wounded, prisoners and bodies of the killed were brought into town. Many steamers laden with troops have gone up the river Neuse and landed on the other side.

Co. K worked until dark taking the left wing's things off the cars and loading them on to wagons. Plenty of gingerbread, pies and fish are offered for sale by contrabands at moderate prices. I took a walk to the post-office and on my way saw several companies of "white glove," "felt hat" soldiers marching through the streets.

Houghtaling visited us tonight and told about the wreck of "The Wheelbarrow." While pitching and tossing it was fired on by an enemy ship. They were preparing to put an eleven inch shell into them, when the flag was hauled down. The vessel almost broke in two as it drifted ashore. The following morning the rebs gathered about the wreck like buzzards on a dead horse and carted off the machinery in wagons.

John Goode (who has lost the use of one leg) and Sergt. Hawkins also came to see us.

I do not think that we will leave our present quarters soon, unless the rest of the regiment stays away for a long time.

Co. K is in "tiers" (of bunks) because they have not gone on the march! Boys on the other side of the room are very noisy.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

The 81st and 98th N.Y. arrived last evening. The former have encamped a short distance away and the latter occupied that part of the barracks vacated by our regiment. The 81st received orders to march at eleven o'clock this morning, but the Lt. Col. and officers positively refused to move an inch.

I was detailed on police this morning, moving commissary stores into tents. Afterwards I scoured up my rifle and had an excellent dinner topped with molasses pound cake and pie. Berry washed my clothes.

We have heard that the rebels have withdrawn their blockade on the Pamlico R.R. and that the expedition will soon return. A member of the 44th Mass., whose company is on picket at Bacherlor's Creek visited the barracks this morning. He told us that they frequently exchange salutations with the rebel pickets by whistling and halooing, and swap newspapers. He heard a Confederate prisoner remark that they were ordered to Virginia. I suppose that Gen. Hooker is at work.

The boys are very merry this evening. I have been singing with Bob and Dave. A theatrical performance is going on under the direction of Sergt. Bryant, and an "elephant" has appeared. Frequent burst of laughter rend the air.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

I procured a pass and went to town with Hoover, Terrill and C. Williams. After strolling around a while we were joined by several members of Co. H and then went with them to the Presbyterian Church. The congregation was composed mainly of soldiers but there were a few civilians including two ladies and a little girl. The gathering was addressed by the chaplain of our regiment. When the hymn was given out no one had the courage to start it, and so it remained unsung. The discourse was beyond my comprehension, a conglomeration of words which acted on my nerves like an opiate.

Corp. Parkhurst and Dave Higgins attended the same church in the afternoon and said they heard an excellent discourse by

the chaplain of the 45th Mass. and some first rate music by the regimental quartette.

Sam and I went to an eating saloon and partook of a sumptuous repast of ham, eggs, beefsteak, pork, potatoes, biscuits and butter, coffee, topped off with mince pie—all for the very reasonable price of fifty cents.

We then strolled around the city, viewing the scenery and southern beauties, most of whom had dark complexions and curling ringlets of hair.

We accidentally went into an African Methodist Church which was quite the reverse of the one we attended this morning. Crowded with colored people and soldiers, the heat was intense inside. A white man presided at what appeared to be a protracted meeting. When a hymn was sung it was done in a manner to make the welkin ring.

The colored people have a peculiar mode of worship. A brother led in prayer and another started, "I am going to join the army—the army of the Lord.' During the singing, the brethren shook hands and the penitents came to the altar. We shifted our position to the gallery. The mourners rent the air with their sobs so that one could not hear himself think. One of the penitents, a young negress, prostrated herself on the floor and refused to be comforted. The sweat dripped from our faces so copiously that we were glad to leave the edifice, just as the pandemonium was at its height.

There was a peculiarity in the construction of the Presbyterian Church we attended in the morning. The pulpit was at the same end as the street doors. The organ faces the pulpit and the Church has two aisles.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

This morning I took a stroll downtown. A polite darkey barber removed some fuzz from my "physog." I stopped at E. J. Leyland's Ambrotype establishment and had some excellent facsimilies taken. At the shop of a North Carolina baker I partook of some pie and had an interesting "con-fab" with the proprietor. He said that there were many "sugar de freeze" (chevaux de frise) in the Neuse river, placed to stave holes in

vessels going up stream but not to injure vessels going down stream.

I exchanged pictures with Corp. Townley and gave mine to Sergt. Drake and Lt. Townley for the promise of one of theirs.

This afternoon there was a heavy thunder shower, with hail stones as big as marbles. Strange to say, a rainbow appeared as soon as it ceased raining. I hope that this is a sign of national peace. In a *New York Times* of April 14, I saw an account of the bombardment of Charleston. Toward evening a company of the 1st N.C. marched past our barracks. They wore gray pants, blue caps, dress coats, and snuff colored overcoats. On the whole they were good looking soldiers.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21

We were awakened this morning with the announcement that our regiment was approaching and soon they marched past the barracks. Along with the rest of Co. K I was on guard duty all day. There are four prisoners in the guard house.

This evening I saw Ben Gale. He said the expedition went to Little Washington by three different routes, the most dangerous being taken by the Ninth which had the advance. They arrived there on Sunday afternoon. The whole force consisted of 14,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery. The rebels had withdrawn.

The city had suffered a reign of terror for the last two weeks. The effects of the bombardment were still evident but strange to say no one was injured. The Ninth embarked yesterday morning on the "Escort." Gen. Foster and Gen. Heckman were also on board. The rest of the troops are arriving this evening. Ben gave me a "secesh" seal which he found in Washington.

There is a rumour afloat that we are to return to Bogue Sound.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

The whole regiment discharged their rifles this morning in order to clean them. At five this afternoon there was dress parade in front of the colonel's tent. An order was read in-

structing commanders of regiments to send in a full report of the number of officers and men in good condition for marching and active service. Another order told of the dismissal of the major of the 96th N.Y. for being drunk, disobeying orders and absenting himself from the regiment on the eve of the march.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

This morning I was detailed on "slop police." Our sutler has put up his tent near the tent of the sutler of the 44th Mass. Rain all day.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24

There was company drill this morning for the first time since we came back. I gave my accoutrements and brasses a good polishing. No dress parade for the Ninth. So I saw the dress parade of the 44th Mass. Their white gloves and brass button coats gave them a dashy appearance. I cannot imagine how the boys of the Ninth would feel were they similarly decorated. The 44th Mass. Band played for a long time this evening in front of our barracks, discoursing good music. The tambourinist and fiddler of Co. H continued the concert.

At roll call this evening we were instructed to be ready to leave tomorrow at 6:00 a.m. The boys are exhibiting their usual jubilation on the occasion of an exchange of camps.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

Carolina City, Camp of the Ninth N.J., Near Bogue Sound

Here we are on the identical campground we occupied before leaving for Port Royal. This morning most of the 44th Mass. went to New Bern, equipped to Provost duty. When we marched through the streets the guard turned out and presented arms. The 44th Band halted and saluted our colors.

In the cars I occupied a place near Lieut. Townley, the Colonel, Lt. Colonel and the Adjutant. I noticed that the site of Camp Reno was occupied by a number of log shanties. The Newport Barracks looked very familiar. When we reached Carolina City, we found that the 23rd Mass. had already arrived.

Company K occupies a new and more honorable place in the line. We are the color company.

Peer and I went to the woods and gathered a number of pine tassels in our rubber blanket. After supper, Dave Higgins, Peer and myself went to the sound and had a good wash. Then we waded in and dug a mess of clams. Almost all the regiment have been doing this. I am on guard tonight—11 p.m. to 5:00 a.m.

In the New York Times of March 22 I learned of our victory at New Orleans and the reception of the "Queen of the West."

Mr. Cook soon starts for New York on a mission for the "Sisters of Charity."

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

Sizeable fish in large numbers have been selling all day for 5 cents apiece. Peer and I fried some in beef tallow which gave them a candle-like flavor. So we recooked them and had them for supper.

Many of the boys today visited our former post on Ogilby's Plantation. Some of us think that we will return there as the 51st Mass now on duty at the place, say that they expect to move out. Old Mr. Willis of Bogue Sound has been in camp nearly all day. He tells us that his wife is dead. Since we left for South Carolina, the soldiers have killed a bear, probably the one who annoyed us on picket last fall.

The men, this afternoon, have been making bunks and the camp was as noisy as a carpenter shop. Several wells were dug. At dress parade this evening we occupied for the first time our new place in the line. There are several fruit trees in bloom.

MONDAY, APRIL 27

We have been engaged the greater part of the day policing the camp, which was no easy task for us knights of the shovel, axe and broom. We tore up a wharf, a short distance away, and floated the planks down the sound to a place where Mr. Willis with a team of oxen picked them up and hauled them to the camp. With the planks we have been stockading the

tents. We shall begin on ours tomorrow. Lt. Townley advised us to do this. He said our forces had driven the enemy beyond their reach at Goldsboro and our Colonel, Lt. Colonel, Adjutant, General Heckman are soon going home on furlough. So it is evident that we will be here for some time.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

At dress parade today we were subject to the inspiring strains of kettle-drum music. Query, when will our brass band appear?

An order was read stating that upon the banners of the 27th Mass., 44th Mass., the 1st North Carolina and two companies of the 3rd N.Y. Cavalry would be inscribed—"Washington, N.C., April 1863." This was fully merited by their conduct on the expedition. As a result of the clamming exposition on Saturday evening I am suffering from a severe cold.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

Heckman's brigade is to have inspection and muster for pay tomorrow. The boys have been receiving a fresh supply of clothing. The non-coms wore their new dress coats at dress parade. The authorities seem bound to have us look well, for every man who has a dirty uniform is compelled to take new clothing.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

Before 9:00 a.m. the pay roll was completed and signed. We were out in line, fully equipped, by 10:00 a.m. As usual it was a tedious operation. The regiment presented an excellent appearance. Co. D did not take part because they had not been fitted to their new rigs. It is said that the clothing came from Jersey.

FRIDAY, MAY 1

Hail May Day! And a very beautiful day it is. Early this morning I procured a pass from Lt. Townley for Peer, Ward and myself. As only two men are allowed out of the lines at a time from a company, Ward's name was erased from the pass.

We followed the rail-road down to a path which led to Malachy Bell's house. We stopped and chatted with him a

while. Then we crossed a rye field to another house. The rye, as high as our heads, looked very pretty. We were directed to the house of Wash Willis. Calling there we failed to find the "Pater Familias" at home. Continuing our way toward the block-house we were joined by some men of the 51st Mass. who now occupy Camp Boudinot. They were clever fellows and we were soon engaged in jovial conversation. They showed us how to get to David Bell's. Here we found Lynch and Ward, who had stolen out of camp, and were treated to ginger beer. Our next stop was at the cabin of colored Martin. His brace of sisters were glad to see us and treated us warmly.

Here the 51st boys left us. After staying a few moments, we resumed our walk and stopped at Watson's place. He was not at home but we were agreeably entertained by his passably pretty wife. Then we went to old colored Jerry's. He went into ecstasies at seeing us. He was engaged in making barrels for pitch pine, for which he received 75¢ apiece. After that, we did not halt until we reached the cook-house of Camp Boudinot. Since we left, the camp has changed a good deal. The cook house has a conveniently arranged stove with iron plating on top and in front. We were cordially received by the boys who treated us to hard tack and salt junk.

On our return we called again at Martin's. I picked a bunch of pretty red flowers to send to correspondents. We also stopped at David Bell's where I drank a quart of milk, which took my last ten cent stamp to pay for. On the rest of the way to camp we followed the shore. We were barefoot most of the time as we had two creeks to wade. Hundreds of schools of small fish sported in the water.

At camp we found that the boys had stockaded Lt. Townley's tent in a manner to draw plaudits from the occupants. I wonder if he will like the tent any better for it. Corp. Williams directed the work.

Sergt. Bryant put up on a pole a pretty bird house, between Tents No. 1 and No. 2. Some martins have already made it their abode. In the camp of the 23rd Mass. are many such

bird houses, some in the shape of tents; ergo, the birds must be good soldiers to encamp.

At dress parade a large bunch of orders were read. Some of them contained the inducement to "Nine Months' Men" to re-enlist: 30 days' furlough and half the government bounty ($50) in cash.

Before the orders were finished I became faint and had to go to quarters. My cold hangs on but I shall "stick it out" as long as possible.

SATURDAY, MAY 2

This morning, I provided myself with a camp pan and clean clothing and went to the brook which flows into the sound. Sheltered by the foliage of the woody grotto I indulged in a thorough ablution. As a consequence, I have felt better all day. Nothing is better for a soldier's health than cleanliness. After finishing washing my "corpus" I subjected my clothing to a similar process.

There was a dress parade but void of music from our "tin pan orchestra."

SUNDAY, MAY 3

Excellent dinner! Fresh beef stew. Bugles have just blown for service. Thinking that I might better employ my time in reading I have failed to attend.

MONDAY, MAY 4

We had company drill this morning but there was only a small number present.

After the regiment had formed in line for dress parade this evening, the Lt. Colonel ordered the captains to march their companies to quarters to put on their new pants. To this incident there was a crazy sequel.

When we had formed in line again the diminutive knats troubled the Lt. Colonel so much that he screwed his face up into all kinds of contortions, causing many men to laugh. The result was that he ordered the adjutant to dismiss the parade before the orders were read. Everybody acknowledges that these little flies are a nuisance, especially those who have been

put on guard for raising their hands to their faces on dress parade.

As I have been detailed guard supernumerary, I have not drilled all day.

Great rumours afloat about furloughs and our return to South Carolina.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6

The first thing the boys of Tent No. 2 did this morning was to construct new bunks, and they are now completed. Between each two bunks is a small table made by nailing a board stuck in the ground. The tables are neatly covered with newspapers and improve the appearance of the tent.

THURSDAY, MAY 7

From 11:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m. I was on guard last night. The "grand rounds" visited us at midnight. Countersign, "Moscow."

Owing to faintness I was unable to attend dress parade. I shall report to the doctor in the morning.

FRIDAY, MAY 8

When sick call was sounded at 7:00 a.m. I went to the doctor. Dr. Gillete prescribed five black pills and exemption from duty.

Rain this afternoon. No drills nor dress parade. But the rain does not dampen the spirits of "No. 2 Boys." Hoover rigged himself up as a parson and his counterfeit gravity excited our risibilities.

SATURDAY, MAY 9

At 3:00 a.m. I had a severe attack of cramp colic, and later visited the doctor. He gave me a couple of pills different from those I received yesterday. The doctor forbade me taking a wash, which I wanted to, and told me to keep still. Accordingly I have been in my bunk for most of the day.

News has just come that three rebel cavalrymen and their horses were captured by a detachment of the 3rd N.Y. Cavalry at Pelletier's Mill. In the skirmish a rebel surgeon and another man were killed.

There is a rumour afloat that the entire right wing of the regiment is to go to Trenton, N.J. for thirty days' furlough. When they return the left wing will do the same.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

The doctor prescribed a couple of bitter powders, one to be taken this morning and the other, tomorrow evening. When he gave me the medicine he asked where I lived and then inquired if I had any relatives in Aquidneck, N.J. He said that he was acquainted with a Judge Cleveland in that place, and also his daughter, Phebe, who, he remarked, was a gay girl. I think the "Judge" is father's cousin.

This afternoon I took a wash. I feel much better but too weak to remain on my feet for any length of time.

MONDAY, MAY 11

Pills prescribed again for me. The doctor said that I had dysentery. He wishes me to call again for a dose of castor oil.

The whole of Co. K went to the woods this morning and brought back a lot of cedar boughs with which they have constructed a scalloped hedge in front of our tents. The bottom is finished with a wide clam shell border. Many of the streets are trimmed in a like manner. Our camp now is certainly the best the regiment has occupied since I became a member.

TUESDAY, MAY 12

And yet again more pills! The dose of castor oil I took last night has not done me any good.

This afternoon members of Co K were treated to a glass of ale by Lt. Townley. It is said that he has received his commission as captain. I took a sip of the beverage and found it very good.

Hamler and Hoover have built an oven in the cook house yard. It is about four feet square, made of bricks plastered with black mud. Undoubtedly it will do good service in baking our beans.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13

First baking in the oven was done by Joseph Jackson. I have felt much better but too weak to perform duty.

THURSDAY. MAY 14

We have certainly realized the benefit of the new oven today. For breakfast we had baked fresh meat which was certainly excellent and tender. There were baked beans for dinner.

The doctor gave me no medicine this morning.

FRIDAY, MAY 15

Last night I suffered much pain and could not sleep. The consequence, I suppose, of eating baked meat and baked beans yesterday. The doctor gave me a dose of castor oil with twenty drops of laudanum, rinsing my mouth with camphor, before taking. I also received pills. I have felt miserable all day.

The Germans of our company have erected an apparatus between Tents 4 and 5 on which they do gymnastics. It consists of two erect pine poles with a bar between them. Many of the boys have been trying their skill upon it. Co. D has a similar apparatus.

SATURDAY, MAY 16

There is a great rumour afloat about the death of Stonewall Jackson, Hill and Pettigrew, and of Hooker's proximity to Richmond.

(NOTE. This "rumour" probably refers to the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 1, 2, 1863 when the Confederates under Gen Lee defeated the Union forces under Gen. Joseph E. Hooker. The "rumour" proved correct in only one particular, the death of Stonewall Jackson.)

This afternoon Kuntz of our company lost the big toe off his left foot by the accidental (?) discharge of his rifle. He was engaged in cleaning the weapon which was loaded, capped and full cocked. The doctor remarked that Kuntz's stocking was ruined. The incident has produced much ironical talk from the boys.

SUNDAY, MAY 17

This morning a large number of men attended church in a small building on Newport River, while a select crowd of officers had services at Piner's. At the latter place the only

privates present were some of our company who led the singing. This afternoon our chaplain addressed a group in a grove near the brook, on the right of camp. Rough seats had been erected under the trees. We were nearly eaten up with flies.

MONDAY, MAY 18

This morning I attended company drill: We marched to an open field near camp. After a while, we stacked arms and sat down in the shade. I noticed that the foliage of the trees near the shore extended over the land. This was evidently caused by the breezes which blew in from the water.

TUESDAY, MAY 19

The news of the death of Stonewall Jackson is confirmed, but the result of Hooker's operations was a disaster rather than a victory. I learned that my cousin George Cleveland, of the 26th N.J., was among the missing.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

The regiment was ordered to be ready for an inspection which did not come-off. This afternoon Surgeon William Gale called on me. He related several adventures with the "secesh." His ship went nearly as far south as Charleston.

THURSDAY, MAY 21

We were not troubled by the "grand rounds" last night. Countersign. "West Point."

Brigade Inspection at 9:30 a.m. by the Brigade Inspector, a staff officer with the rank of captain. Tent inspection this afternoon and battalion drill to test the abilities of officers. The maneuvres were poorly performed and did not reflect well on the Ninth.

Dr. Gale bunked with Lt. Townley last night. Sergt. Drake is quartered in our tent. The boys kept him talking until a late hour. Many jokes were cracked at the expense of the officers of Co. K Dr Gale was in our tent, long before I woke up this morning.

FRIDAY, MAY 22

After company drill, I did my washing. Soap is now scarce. It is rationed and a piece 2½ inches long has to do for 10

days. We heat the water to economize the soap. Fresh bread arrived by train this afternon.

Sergt. Meyers, our valiant color bearer, has returned to duty. Ever since the "Ten Days' March" he has been confined to the hospital with a heavy head cold which threatened, at one time, to settle on his brain.

At dress parade a general order from Gen. Foster was read, authorizing the raising and organizing of a negro brigade in this department. It is to be under the command of Brig. Gen E. A. Wild, a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman. The order has excited much talk among the boys.

SATURDAY, MAY 23

A woman was captured in Carolina City. She had plans on her person of all the works about New Bern, and carried letters of importance to rebs.

Blackberries are ripe and strawberries have made their appearance.

SUNDAY, MAY 24

Sugar is scarce. We have not had coffee sweetened by the government since last Thursday, ration day. This, it is said, has been caused by the wreck off Hatteras of a steamer laden with the article. The sutler sells sugar at 20 cents a pound.

MONDAY, MAY 25

With Cadmus, Carrigan and Campbell, I was detailed this morning to wood police. By the time of company drill, we had enough wood cut, almost all of it oak. Afterward we had to split it up for burning.

TUESDAY, MAY 26

At dress parade an order was read that Col. Emory, as acting Brig. Gen., now assumes comand of the troops in this department in the absence of Gen. Foster.

Rose has reported to the company. He says that we will be moved to the Trent River, near New Bern, as soon as the nine months' men go away.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27

Last night Derbrow of Co. K and Horner of Co. D escaped from the guard house. It is supposed that they have deserted

to the enemy at Swansboro, as they left with haversacks full of crackers. They called at Civilian Perry's house at midnight and bade him good-bye. Willis, this morning, missed his boat and thinks that they stole it.

Both of these hopefuls were under arrest and awaiting court-martial for sleeping on post while on guard. Squads of guards have been patrolling in all directions on the lookout for them. When the prisoners get caught, if they ever do, it will go hard with them.

THURSDAY, MAY 28

At roll call this morning, per order of Lt. Townley, it was announced that David Higgins is promoted to be corporal and to be "respected and obeyed accordingly." This is a very worthy promotion.

The greater part of the day I was busy scouring my rifle. The arms of our regiment are in excellent condition.

FRIDAY, MAY 29

At dress parade an order of Gen. Foster was read, announcing the death of Col. Richard Jones of the 58th Penn. He was killed leading his men, in repelling an enemy attack on the Trent Rd. May 23. The order praised the colonel's bravery and directed that half-hour guns be fired from Ft. Totten tomorrow and that flags be displayed at half staff for three days.

SATURDAY, MAY 30

On guard. Very strict orders. When off guard I had to stay at the guard house. I had hardly time enough to get my meals. I suppose this is due to the escape of prisoners on Tuesday night.

SUNDAY, MAY 31

Last night we reposed on cedar boughs. "Grand rounds" visited the guard house at 12:30 a.m. and we had to tumble out into line. Considering the circumstances I rested comfortably.

Two men from each company of the Ninth New Jersey and the 23rd Mass. have been detailed to work on Fort at Morehead. This does not sound very well for Sunday. An

extra train went from Morehead to New Bern and return to convey Brig. Gen. Francis B. Spinola back and forth.

One of the Co. K detail says that some of the 23rd Mass. boys insulted Gen. Spinola by halooing something about his being a coward. Whereafter the guard locked up seven of the noisy fellows but failed to get the guilty one.

It is said that Gen. Heckman has discovered several "channels" through which important articles have been carried to the rebels. The passages were near Newport Barracks.

MONDAY, JUNE 1

This was an eventful day with Corp. Higgins, C. Williams, Berry, Brown, Campbell, Carrigan, Cadmus, Clark, Conroy and G. Townley, I was put on the detail of "Fort Engineers." Lt. Elbertson commanded the whole detail of the Ninth. We started at 6:30 a.m. and arrived at the Fort ¾ of an hour later.

When we arrived on the ground, the overseer of construction, a captain of the 81st N.Y., addressed us in a friendly manner, saying that he did not wish us to haloo as the 23rd Mass. did yesterday, and that each officer and non-com would be responsible for the conduct of his men.

We procured 50 shovels from Gen. Hickman's headquarters. I worked on the intrenchment. It was good hard labour. We took out from 11:20 to 1:20 p.m. for lunch and quit at 4:30 p.m.

On the return march, each went on his own hook, the line extending over a mile. The scorching rays of the sun reddened our faces and arms.

When we reached camp, I found many letters awaiting me. Peer's long-expected box arrived. It contained many "niceities" including a picture of his wife. As a result, "Tent No. 2" had for supper smoked beef, Jersey butter, fancy crackers and fruit cake.

News came that Vicksburg has not been taken yet, although Grant has Pemberton in a tight trap. The later wishes to surrender on the condition that his men be not considered prisoners of war. Jeff Davis promises to send 100,000 men

to re-inforce Vicksburg if Pemberton will hold out ten days longer.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2

This morning Co. B struck five of their tents, and took them and their equipment to do picket duty for a week on Bogue Island. Seven tents on the island can be seen from the camp.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3

Today Axel Chiwitz of Company C died. He was in Tent No. 2 of that company, immediately behind our own. For some time he had been suffering from heart trouble. He had been marked for duty by the doctor this morning. Last Sunday he was working on the Fort at Morehead. Solemn was the impression produced on our minds by this untimely visit of the Dark Angel. This afternoon I saw the corpse. It is in a small tent, enclosed in a pine box. The funeral will be held tomorrow.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4

The roll of muffled drums announced to us that the mortal remains of poor Chiwitz were about to be carried to their last resting place. When I came out of our tent the procession had already formed and was marching to the strains of the Portgugese hymn, played by a single fife.

First came the escort, a corporal and eight privates with reversed arms, followed by an army wagon on which was the box covered by a rubber blanket. Chaplain Carroll followed the wagon and immediately behind him, marched the members of Co. C with side arms. Lts. Brown and Rogers were at the extreme rear of the procession. I fell in with the sorrowful company of about a hundred men.

When we arrived at the railroad, the box was taken from the wagon and six men carried it to the grave, while the fifer played Pleyel's Hymn, "Hark, a Voice Divides the Sky." At the cemetery the escort formed in line on one side of the grave. The hymn, "There is Rest for the Weary" was sung. Then the chaplain read a beautiful though brief ritual ,concluding with a prayer for the bereaved wife of the deceased.

Three volleys were fired over the grave which was filled with earth.

The fifer who kindly lent his services at the funeral was from the 23rd Mass.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5

While on guard this morning, I saw a funeral procession marching from the camp of the 23rd Mass. I believe that this poor fellow was also buried in the cemetery at Morehead.

It is said that a squad of rebel cavalry last evening pulled up a part of the R.R. track above Newport. Consequently, the train did not come in until 2:00 p.m., with Gen. Foster and a number of officers on board. They visited our camp and the camp of the 23rd Mass. Afterward, a locomotive with a single car conveyed the General to Morehead. The boys say that he was pleased and examined everything with great interest.

I hear that a cannon was in readiness to salute Gen. Foster but the cartridge was too small. The general expressed disapproval of working on Sunday and wished to know by whose authority it was done. Response by the boys, "Spinola."!

Four new drummers came to camp and at dress parade we were given another dose of "clatter-te-slam-bang."

LONG SERVICE TO THE SOCIETY

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 10, 1950, the attention of the members was called to the fact that on May 20 one of their members, Mr. Hiram E. Deats, would celebrate his eightieth birthday.

It was further noted that Mr. Deats became a life member of the New Jersey Historical Society on May 15, 1890 and is the oldest member of the Society in terms of length of memberships, and also that he is the oldest trustee in terms of number of years on the board. He was elected a trustee, October 28, 1908.

The secretary was directed to send Mr. Deats a letter in recognition of the occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

EXPERIMENT IN INDEPENDENCE. *New Jersey in the Critical Period,* 1781-1789, by RICHARD P. MCCORMICK. (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1950. 338 pp. $4.00.)

New Jersey has always suffered from being situated between two states so much larger. At times it has appeared not so much as a state but as an adjunct to New York and Pennsylvania, yet it has had a very unique existence. It has truly lived a life of its own and it has been a life of importance to the nation.

In the so called critical period after the Revolution, New Jersey was a farm state which had been used as a pathway and battle field for the contending armies. Peace found it in part devastated, harassed by the bitter enmity of Patriot and Tory, with its finances depleted. It lost no time, however, in binding up its wounds and righting its shaky financial structure. It saw the need for cooperation among the states in forming a stronger government and did its part valiantly in making possible the Constitution.

Professor McCormick has carefully studied the rich historical record of the period. He has refused to accept the conventional story of the period and has discovered the truth about New Jersey's significant course. He makes understandable the confusion of the state's troubled politics and relates it to the social and economic development of New Jersey and her overshadowing neighbors.

The reader is struck by the modern sound of some of the issues. One might well think that the question of the New Deal was being fought. Much of the political argument about certain of the measures before the legislature in 1781-1789 resembles the argument heard before the lawmaking body of 1950. Professor McCormick has written an able, interesting and thought-provoking book. This work and his Rutgers course in the History of New Jersey which is proving so popular are indications that the citizens of the State are about to

have a real opportunity to learn of their history, an opportunity long overdue.—Roy F. Nichols

Tea Burning Town, *Being the Story of Ancient Greenwich on the Cohansey in West Jersey.* By Joseph S. Sickler. Photographic Art Work by Charles Cordrey. New York, Abelard Press, 1950. xiv, 1., 125p. Price $5.00.

This is a brief history of ancient Greenwich, an unspoiled town in south Jersey, founded with its twin sister, Salem, in 1675, by John Fenwick, and famous as the scene of a Tea Burning Party in 1774. As the author states in his foreword, "Greenwich is colonial American, once a thriving port it is now an almost forgotten village, tranquil and lovely in its antiquity . . . Greenwich has been called the Williamsburg of New Jersey, the main difference being that in Greenwich there has been no restoration . . . The passage of years has moved so gently over it that one can walk along the two miles of 'Ye Greate Streete' and visualize the village as it was when England's flag flew high over its roof tops in 1749."

It is of this quaint and tranquil town that Mr. Sickler has written so delightfully, combining its legends with historic facts, describing its homes, its taverns and its people, among whom was the well known Phillip Vickers Fithian, whose journal was an important aid in the restoration of Williamsburg, Va. The author, having been born and raised in Greenwich and being a student of West Jersey history and writer of other books on that section of the State, is peculiarly fitted to write this intimate and entertaining volume. It is beautifully illustrated with exterior and interior views of the old homes on "Ye Greate Streete"; fifty photographs in all. A worthy companion to his "Old Houses of Salem County, New Jersey."

—Maud H. Greene

The Papers of Thomas Jefferson

The appearance of the first volume of "The Papers of Thomas Jefferson" in May was an outstanding event in New

Jersey's scholarly and publishing achievements. The prodigious task of bringing out a complete edition of all Jefferson papers is expected to require a total of fifty-two volumes which are planned to come from the press at the rate of four volumes a year. The editor and initiator of the project is Julian P. Boyd, librarian of Princeton University, and his associate editors are Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan. The responsibility for publication has been bravely assumed by the Princeton University Press and the editorial cost was largely underwritten by a gift of $200,000 from the New York Times Company.

About eighty percent of the documents to be included in this edition have never been published before. The complete collection will include some fifty thousand items now in widespread custody and ownership. Through the generous and helpful cooperation of librarians, archivists, dealers and private owners all of these documents have been copied by modern photographic processes and reproduced at Princeton. The copies thus assembled will ultimately be placed in the Library of Congress.

Jefferson meticulously kept a record for forty years of every letter written or received by him, which enabled the editors to know what to seek to make this a definitive edition.

The format of the volumes was designed by P. J. Conkwright, the talented typographer of Princeton University Press. For the printing the Mergenthaler Linotype Company cut a new linotype face called Monticello, which is based on fonts first cast about 1796 by Binny and Ronaldson in Philadelphia and used in the printing of many of Jefferson's later works. The result is a handsome, sturdy and readable book, worthy of its distinguished content.

Volume one cover the years 1760-1776. It includes the letters of the young student and the budding lawyer who at thirty-one was already an acknowledged leader in the cause of Colonial liberty. The chief interest of this volume is the series of documents which show the evolution of the texts of the Constitution of Virginia and of the Declaration of Independence.

Three thousand sets of the "Papers" will be printed at a cost of nearly a million dollars and twenty years of work on the part of the editors. There may be few individual buyers. The average reader will prefer a distillation of the essence of the forthcoming fifty-two volumes into one or two, a challenging task for future biographers. In justification of the stupendous labors and costs of this complete edition it may be said that libraries all over the world will thus have available for future generations of students and scholars the work and thought of a towering American genius who played an illustrious part in the founding of the American system of government and whose ideas and ideals for democracy remain valid today.

Jefferson was one of the great statesmen of all time and one of the most prolific in recording the thought and events of a long, active and fruitful life. In his day an intellectual giant could fairly well encompass the whole field of human knowledge. Jefferson was such a person, a master of the arts and practices of music, architecture, engineering, agriculture, education, law, politics, diplomacy, science and philosophy. Of the founding fathers only Franklin approached him in versatility of interests. As long as western civilization endures, students of American history and culture will be grateful and wiser for having available what Professor Gilbert Chinard has aptly called "The richest treasure house of historical information ever left by a single man."Howard L. Hughes.

WORK ON NEW JERSEY HISTORY IN PROGRESS

Donald A. Sinclair and George C. Rockefeller are engaged on a work on Abraham Blauvelt, New Brunswick printer between 1789 and 1816. Any one knowing the location of original material such as letters, accounts or pictures of Blauvelt, or of books or newspapers printed by him please communicate with Mr. Rockefeller, Box 575, Denville, N.J.

NECROLOGY

Mrs. Edith Bancroft Boyd, the widow of Robert M. Boyd, Jr., died at her home in Montclair, May 19, 1950, at the age of seventy four.

She was born in San Francisco and had lived in Montclair for fifty years. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Colonial Dames, Montclair Women's Club, and the Montclair Golf Club. She was a charter member of the Montclair Garden Club.

She is survived by an adopted daughter, Miss Eleanor Van Mater Hines, of Montclair, and three sisters, Mrs. Randolph C. Berkeley, Mrs. Phillip Z. Hankey, and Mrs. Thomas Cochran.

Mrs. Boyd became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society January 10, 1945, and a sustaining member February 13, 1947.

Rev. Charles B. Condit, of West Orange, former pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Newark, and a member of one of West Orange's oldest families, died at Orange Memorial Hospital, April 29, 1950, at the age of 77.

A son of Elias Mulford and Sarah Louise Condit, and a descendant of Samuel Condit, who settled in West Orange in 1720, Mr. Condit was born in the Mt. Pleasant Avenue home which members of the family have occupied since 1841. He attended Newark Academy, was graduated from Princeton in 1895 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1898. After serving as pastor at Liberty Corner and at Trinity Reformed Church, Newark, he was engaged in organization work for the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He was a member of the Ministerial Association of the Oranges, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Craftsman's Club of Hope Lodge of Masons, East Orange, the Orange chapter of the Royal Arch Masons, and the Retired Business and Professional Men's Association of the Oranges. Mr. Condit is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Maude Kynor Condit, a son, Warren K. Condit, of Florham Park, a sister, Miss Phoebe A. Condit, at

home, two brothers, Albert K. Condit, of Passaic, and Elias M. Condit, of West Orange, and two grandchildren.

Mr. Condit became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society October 13, 1943.

Judge Frederick W. Gnitchel, a member of this Society since June 2, 1919, and a trustee 1932-1944, died in Trenton, May 15, 1950. Born in Newark June 20, 1860, he moved to Trenton in 1880 to take a position as court stenographer. Meanwhile he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1892. His public career began with his election to the Trenton Common Council in 1901. He was subsequently mayor of Trenton, a trustee of the Free Public Library both ex officio and later by appointment, judge of the Mercer County Court of Common Pleas, a member of the State Public Utility Commission and of the State Board of Bar Examiners. He was a charter member and the second president of the Trenton Historical Society and sometime president of the State Bar Association.

Judge Knichtel held the merited esteem of all who knew him. His long life was marked by competence and integrity and, at the same time, was richly tempered by kindliness, a sense of humor and warm human understanding.

Caleb Smith Green, president of the Trenton Banking Company, died in Trenton, October 9, 1949. He was elected a member of the New Jersey Historical Society in May 1949.

Mr. Green graduated from Princeton University in 1908. His life was devoted largely to the investment and banking business. He was first associated with the Trenton Banking Company as an auditor in 1927. In 1930 he was elected a member of the board of directors; in 1931, a vice president; and in 1935, president.

Members of Mr. Green's family have been associated with the Trenton Banking Company from the time it was chartered in 1804. His great-great grandfathers James Ewing and Peter Hunt were two of five founders. His great grandfather, Chief Justice Charles Ewing, his grandfather Judge Caleb S.

Green, his father Judge Elmer Ewing Green and his older brother, William E. Green, were all associated with the Bank as officers or directors.

Mr. Green's ancestors in the American Revolution were Colonel Moore Furman, later the first Mayor of Trenton, Chaplain James Francis Armstrong, Dr. Nicholas de Belleville, and Captain James Hunt. He was descended also from the Reverend Caleb Smith, an early trustee of the College of New Jersey and clerk of that Board 1751-1757.

Mr. Green was an esteemed and public-spirited citizen. His counsel was highly respected by his associates on boards of numerous organizations, among which were the Trenton Saving Fund Society, the United New Jersey Railroad and Canal Company, the Delaware and Bound Brook Railroad Company, the Mercer Hospital and the New Jersey Children's Home Society. In recent years he had withdrawn from some of these duties because of increasing ill health. At the time of his death he was a vice president of the Trenton Historical Society.

Surviving Mr. Green are his widow, Eugenia MacCauley Green, two sons, Elmer E. and Hugh B., and two grandchildren.

Charles Augustus Hanna, former bank examiner, historian, genealogist and author, of Montclair, died at Mountainside Hospital in that town, May 19, 1950, at the age of 87.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and was graduated from the high school of that place. He went to Nebraska, then a frontier state, and worked as a clerk for the First National Bank of Lincoln. There he met Charles G. Dawes and General John J. Pershing and formed life long friendships with both men. In 1897 he made a trip through the West with Dawes, returning to a position as national bank examiner in New York, where he remained until 1911. He became chief examiner for the New York Clearing House, a position he filled until his retirement in 1939.

While living in Montclair, he was host several times to both General Dawes and General Pershing, the visit of Gen-

eral Dawes in 1925 being while he was vice president of the United States. On his retirement, Mr. Hanna devoted his time to genealogy and history. He was the author of "Historic Collections of Harrison County, Ohio", "Ohio Valley Genealogy", "Scotch-Irish of Ohio", and "Wilderness Trails". He was also an active book collector, having a library of more than ten thousand volumes.

His wife, Elizabeth Harrison Hanna, died in 1945. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. W. Huntting Howell, of East Islip, Long Island, Mrs. Robert S. Adams, of Newburyport, Mass., and five grandchildren.

Mr. Hanna became a life member of the New Jersey Historical Society June 5, 1922.

Moses Plaut, of Deal, former department store executive in Newark and for many years president of the Broad Street Association of that city, died at his home in Deal June 1, 1950, after a short illness, at the age of eight four.

He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the son of David and Betty Grief Plaut, who had come to this country in 1857 from Darmstadt, Germany. He came to Newark in 1881 to join the L. S. Plaut & Co., store, founded by his brother, L. Simon Plaut, on the present site of Kresge's. He sold his interests in the store to the Kresge company in 1923. In 1928 he presented to the city of Newark a marble fountain which was erected in Military Park. He was a member of the Down Town, Progress, and Newark Athletic clubs, of Temple B'nai Jeshurun, Newark, Temple Emanue, New York and Temple Beth Miriam, Long Branch.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Bertha Herman, a nephew, and three nieces.

Mr. Plaut became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society May 3, 1909.

Clyde Potts, noted water engineer, who served as mayor of Morristown for twenty four years, died at his home in Morristown after a heart attack, May 19, 1950, at the age of 73.

He was born in Libertyville, Iowa, and came east to attend Cornell University, where he majored in engineering. He moved to New Jersey in 1904 soon after his graduation and became a resident of Morristown in 1907. He became a member of the engineering staff of the water works and devoted himself primarily to water and sewage disposal plants. Becoming known in his field, he became consultant on engineering projects not only in this country, but in South America and Europe as well. He designed for Jersey City the trunk line sewer that runs along the Rockaway Valley from Dover to Boonton where the city gets its water supply. He designed a $4,000,000 water supply system for Athens, Greece. He served on the State Board of Health from 1915 to 1929, the last four years as president. He was reappointed by Governor Moore and served as president from 1939 to 1940.

He advocated and helped build the Morristown water system, and served as mayor from 1923 to 1935, and from 1937 to 1949.

Mr. Potts traced his ancestry to Thomas Potts who came to Burlington from England in 1679. His interest in matters historical lay behind his sponsorship of the Morristown National Historic Park, which was set up while he was mayor. Jockey Hollow and Fort Nonsense, the fort that Washington had his men build to keep them occupied during a severe winter of the Revolution, were his major hobbies and his objective was to make Morristown as great a historic shrine as Valley Forge.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Ryan Potts, two daughters, Mrs. John D. Collins and Miss Elizabeth Potts, both of Morristown, a brother, George Potts, of Fairfield, Iowa, and one granddaughter.

Mr. Potts became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society April 10, 1946.

Joseph G. Spurr, former president of J. J. Spurr and Sons, Harrison cut stone contractors, who helped build the Empire State building and Riverside Church, in New York

City, died at a convalescent home in Montclair, June 7, 1950, at the age of 85.

He was born September 9, 1864, in Newark, the son of Joseph James and Susan D. Spurr. He attended the old Newark High School and studied architecture in New York before joining his father and his brother, Edward Spurr, in the cut stone business. The firm helped build the old New York World Building in Park Row, New York, the Singer Building, many Fifth Avenue residences, the Pennsylvania station in Newark, and the New Jersey Bell Telephone building, the American Insurance and the Firemen's Insurance buildings in Newark. Mr. Spurr resigned from the business in 1942.

Like his father, he had served as vestryman of Trinity Cathedral, Newark, for many years. He had been a bank director for more than fifty years, having been a member of the first board of the old Merchants National Bank, and the oldest member of the board when he resigned from the Newark and Merchants Trust Company in 1946. The same year he resigned as a director of the Firemen's Insurance Company after more than forty years service.

Mr. Spurr's wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Albright Spurr, died in 1934. He is survived by a son, Joseph J. Spurr, 2nd. of Livingston, two daughters, Mrs. Harold J. Henry, with whom he lived on Mt. Prospect Street, Newark, and Mrs. Alfred E. Dubey, also of Newark, seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Mr. Spurr became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society May 10, 1911.

Edward Hamilton Sterling, a life member of the New Jersey Historical Society, died in Trenton, October 26, 1949, after a long illness. Mr. Sterling had a wide knowledge of New Jersey history and genealogy. He did the abstracting for volumes 9 and 10 of the New Jersey Wills, published by the State under the auspices of this Society. He was a member of Post 9, American Legion. He is survived by his wife,

Emma Wright Sterling, a brother Joseph Sterling, and a sister, Mrs. Daniel Haverstick.

Mr. Sterling became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society January 8, 1936, and a life member February 10, 1937.

NEW MEMBERS

The Membership Committee announces the following new members of the Society since the publication of the last *"Proceedings"*—

Sustaining

Mrs. John Kean, Elizabeth
John W. Kress, Verona
Mrs. I. Trumbull Wood, Trenton

Contributing

Boo Adlerbert, Scotch Plains
Mrs. Alfred P. S. Bellis, Morrisville, Pa.
Niles G. Bergenholtz, Hillside
Herbert V. Book, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.
Louis P. Booz, Perth Amboy
F. E. Croasdale, Ventnor
H. Jerome Cranmer, Madison
Charles Duerr, Maplewood
Richard A. Fiebelkorn, Montclair
Frederick Frappier, Parsippany
Irving T. Gumb, Newark
M. J. Hickey, Mountain Lakes
George A. Hobart, Newark
John E. Kelley, West Philadelphia, Pa.
Francis V. D. Lloyd, Hackensack
Walter A. Lucas, Hawthorne
H. W. MacDowell, Bayonne
H. L. Meincke, New York, N. Y.
Miss Mary J. Messler, Trenton
Richard P. Milliken, Newark

Arthur O. Persson, Englewood
John Boyd Plum, Orange
Stephen Haines Plum, Orange
Stephen Haines Plum, Jr., Orange
Frank Puleo, Bloomfield
William S. Quinlan, Newark
Werner Rentschler, Newark
H. M. Royal, Trenton
Miss Gertrude E. Tichenor, Elizabeth
M. J. Trench, Northfield
Stephen E. Van Zandt, Montclair
Robert T. Walsh, Elizabeth

NEW MEMBERS

Woman's Branch

The Woman's Branch announces the following new members:

Miss Margaret D. Haines, Newark
Mrs. Charles R. Hardin, Newark
Mrs. William A. Hutcheson, Gladstone
Mrs. C. L. Jones, Somerville
Mrs. Frank Kidde, Montclair
Mrs. Russell K. Knox, East Orange
Mrs. Carrol Shanks, Montclair
Mrs. Miriam S. Walker, Montclair

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

George C. Albee, M.D., So. Orange: An abridgement of his manuscript on the Albee family of Berkeley, Calif., their lines of descent 1640-1940.

Rev. Joseph H. Brady, So. Orange: His book; *The Most Reverend Thomas Joseph Walsh . . . Archbishop of Newark.* 1950.

James R. Branch, Bloomfield: *Collection of Amateur Newspapers.*

Mrs. Willard W. Cutler, Morristown: *National Geographic Magazine,* Jan.-Dec. 1949; *Genealogy and History,* Nov. 1949-Mar. 1950.

Hiram E. Deats, Flemington: Copies of *Hunterdon County Democrat,* Aug. 4, 1949, containing account of James W. Marshall; *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society,* London, Eng. Sept. 1948.

Mrs. Damon G. Douglas, Caldwell: Her monograph, *George Washington Medals* 1889. Reprint from *The Numismatist,* May, June, July, 1949.

Miss Helen Durand, Newark: A copy of *Watt's Hymns* which belonged to her great grandmother, Abby Halsey of Springfield, N. J.

Mrs. Kline D'A. Engle, Dover: Her compilation: *Saint John's Parish in Dover, New Jersey,* 1849-1949.

Mrs. W. D. Ennis, Wychoff: Street and Road map of Bergen County, including cities of Paterson and Passaic; Maps of City of New Rochelle, N.Y.; Township of Bergen; West Yanokie Plateau, N.Y.; New Jersey, 1912; Road maps of New Jersey, 1930, 1934. City Plan, East Orange, 1921; Topographical Sheet, No. 26, Paterson, N.J.

Mrs. William D. Graham, Elizabeth: Her compilation: Ancestors and Descendants of George Fleming and his wife Esther Ann Green of New Jersey.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hayward, Ridgewood: Her compilation: Family Bible Records.

Rev. John H. Heinricks, So. Branch: *One Hundredth Anniversary,* 1850-1950. The Reformed Church at South Branch, N.J.

Charles W. Heins, Ridgefield, N.J. Amateur Newspaper, *The Phoenix,* May 1950, and July 1950.

Mrs. W. P. Lawrence, Newark: Notes on the Force family; Bible records of the Force, Livingston and Lett families.

Mrs. Charles D. McCarthy, Maplewood: *Americana,* odd copies, 1938-1942.

Donald C. McClure, Rockford, Ill.: Casper, a Collier, Hallenback, Conyn name; with memoranda as to the bearers of

it and incidental reference to Colliers named Jochem, Michael and Issac, by William Miller Collier, Auburn, N.Y.

Miss Reignette Marsh, No. Plainfield: Collection of children's books; two Bibles, one containing McDougall-Moon records.

New-York Historical Society, New York: Microfilm of the diary of William Harrison of Newark, a member of Company D, 39th Regiment of N. J. Volunteers, 1864-1865. Photostatic copies of: a typewritten transcript of the diary; the discharge of William Harrison from the U. S. Army, June 17, 1865; a family chart of Richard Harrison and descendants and family data, compiled by William F. Harrison of New York.

Edward H. Pendleton, South Orange: His compilation: William Holloway of Taunton, Mass., in 1637 and his descendants, 1586-1949.

D. B. Pennington, Jersey City: Additions to his notes on the Pennington family.

Wassall Randolph, Memphis, Tenn.: His compilations: The Rev. George Robertson and Bristol Parish, Virginia; William Randolph I of Turkey Island, Henrico County, Virginia, and his Immediate Descendants.

John Rosa, Arlington: Two copies of *"Optimist"* published by the Optimist Club of West Hudson, N.J.; three copies of *"Ill Nuovo Vessillo"* containing his articles on New Jersey.

Miss Julia Sabine, Newark: Historical House Museums, by Lawrence Vail Coleman, 1933; The Delaware and Hudson Canal, a History, by Edwin D. LeRoy. 1950.

St. Mary's Rectory, Perth Amboy: *St. Mary's Parish,* 1849-1940 . . . Historical Sketch, by Rev. Theodore Opdenaker.

Mrs. Henry T. Stetson, Llewellyn Park: *The Blockhouse by Bull's Ferry,* by Charles H. Winfield; *Grammar Simplified, or an Ocular Analysis of the English Language,* by J. Greenleaf. 10th ed. 1824.

Charles Stewart Paterson, Baltimore: *Stephen Taylor,* 1757-1857, only Revolutionary Soldier Buried in Minnesota.

Perry Terhune, Madison: *History of Westchester County, N.Y.* ed. by Alvah P. French, N.Y. 1925. 4 vols.

William Penn Vail, M.D., Blairstown: The Alfred Vail Records Line of Samuel Vail of Westchester, N.Y., Lines of Arthur Vail of Eastchester, N.Y., and John Vail, Quaker of Woodbridge, N.J.

Mrs. Robert T. Weatherill, Woodbury: *The Journal and Biography of Nicholas Colin,* by Amandus Johnson. 1936.

Walter F. Wiles, Glen Ridge: *The Hilltop,* publication of Jersey City High School, vol. I, no. 1—vol. 3, no. 5. Feb. 1910-May 1912.

Edmund Hudson Young, Durham, N.C., His compilation: Our Young Family in America. 1947.

DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM

Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, Glen Ridge: Large silver watch owned by Livingston S. Knapp, Haverstraw, N.Y. made by Wexford, London; two large gold watches, one owned by Rev. John Gibbs (1787-1849) great grandfather of Mr. Butterworth, made by James Smith, London; the other owned by Theron H. Butterworth (1820-1891) of Morris Township, father of Mr. Butterworh, made by M. J. Tobias, Liverpool; Wedding dress, white satin, worn by Mrs. Butterworth, 1903.

Dayton Colie, East Orange: Two engravings of William L. Dayton.

Miss Ethel Lorraine Cromwell, Newark: One pair of old nose glasses; two pair old spectacles.

Walter A. Lucas, Hawthorne: Bronze plaque issued in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Newark.

Mrs. William E. Sperling, Jr. Bound Brook: Two watches, one silver owned by Lewis Chamberlin (1797-1830) of

New Brunswick, one with enameled face owned by his son James Prall Chamberlin (1825-1917), great grandfather of the donor.

S. T. Staines, Newark: Photograph of the first Anthracite Locomotive built about 1863 for the Morris & Essex Railroad, by the New Jersey Locomotive Co. of Paterson, N.J., later Grant Locomotive Co.; photograph of Old Mill Wheel once located on the northbank of Second River off the end of Parker Street east of "Tiffany Falls", Newark, no longer in existence.

Miss Laura Sydenham, Plainfield: Pair of embroidered cuffs, two hair bracelets, two hair rings and one hair necklace.